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# PENTHOUSE LETTERS

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★★★★★

After sipping some champaign, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.

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# PENTHOUSE LETTERS

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# LETTERS

## SALUTATIONS

**Cover Girl: July 2017 Penthouse Pet Of The Month, Manda Kay**

SINFUL spouses are the stars of the show in our 19th Annual Wife-Watching Issue! At *Penthouse Letters*, our mailbags are stuffed full of carnal confessions of men who can't get enough of sharing their wicked women–and ladies who love to entertain their eager hubbies with real-life sex shows.

What can we say? Some guys just love giving the gift of wife, like the author of this edition's Letter of the Month! In that torrid tale, "The Spirit of Giving," married couple David and Sylvia meet some horny revelers who do the holiday–and her–in grand style!

But that's not the only present we have for our readers. With crafty husbands coordinating the action and others lurking in the shadows, we've unwrapped erotic adventurers of all sorts, who celebrate the unlimited pleasure of couples who vow to live life to the fullest.

Do you have a woman who likes to roam? Or are you a wife who's still sowing some wild oats? Email us at letters@penthouse.com and share your dirty little secrets!

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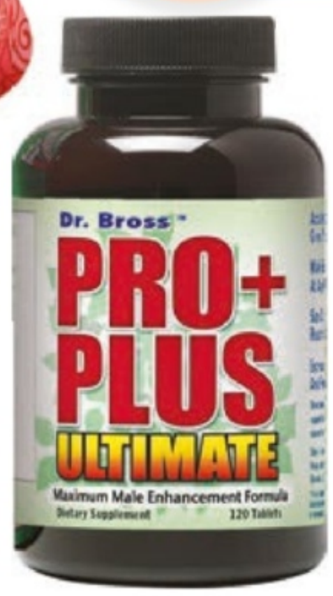


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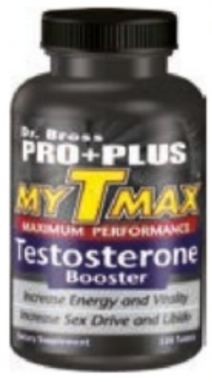


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# LETTERS

## ↘ TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

### BETTER THAN EVER

After I told my wife that I wanted to watch her fuck another man, I had to quickly explain myself.

I had to tell Sue about Nora, a woman I'd been involved with in college. I was crazy about her. She was more experienced and worldly than me, though, and after a month or two, I thought I sensed her getting bored with me. In a panic, I suggested we go to a party. I just wanted to see her happy again.

The party was a huge blowout, in a house that was more like an estate. Nora and I danced. There were lots of people, everybody having fun. I was thrilled to see her smiling, like when we'd first started going out.

I lost track of her sometime after midnight. I looked around the big place and finally came to this utility shed behind the pool. Peering through the window, I saw Nora. She wasn't alone.

A guy we'd both talked to earlier was with her. They weren't talking now. He was already naked and was peeling Nora out of the last of her clothes. She sat back on a work bench, and he knelt between her legs and began to eat her pussy.

I watched unseen from the window. Nora's hips rolled, and her pretty face twisted in pleasure. She grabbed the guy's hair and humped against his face. The cry of her climax barely reached me over the party's music, but it was a sound that captivated me.

My reaction wasn't what I'd expected. I wasn't jealous. Instead, excitement filled me. In the shadows by the shed, I pulled out my cock and started jerking it. At the same time Nora sat up and took the guy's dick in her mouth, sucking him with relish.

Then she lay back, and he fucked her. I was panting hard, pulling on my meat. His cock was where mine had been. I knew how good it felt to fuck Nora. Now I could see how the act looked from another perspective. For some reason, that thrilled me utterly.

I shot my load as they climaxed in succession, then I ducked away.

When Nora reappeared, she was glowing and laughing. She kissed me and told me she couldn't wait to get me into bed. Everything was great again!

But as we were driving away from the party, I confessed I'd seen her in the shed with the other guy. I tried to explain how I was fine with it, especially since she now wanted me so badly. But Nora flipped out, embarrassed and angry. That very same night, she broke up with me.

**"HE KISSED HER BACK FIERCELY. I SAW THEIR TONGUES FLASH PAST THEIR PARTED LIPS."**

"Den, why are you telling me this?" Sue questioned.

Sue is a beautiful woman, and being married to her has been the joy of my life. But we had hit the marital doldrums, even if she didn't want to acknowledge our situation. We needed a spark, something to re-fire the engine of our marriage.

I told her this and added, "I know you find Pete attractive. You can have sex with him. I ran the idea by him..."

"You what?!" Pete was a friend from my job, who often came by our place. I'd noticed how Sue interacted with him. How flirty she'd been.

"All I ask," I continued, "is that you let me watch." This last statement filled me with the excitement of long ago, when I was jerking off outside a window while another man plowed my girlfriend.

We were sitting in the living room, but then Sue got up to pace. I could almost see her thoughts playing out on her lovely features. I knew she had never cheated on me. I watched her consider the notion of infidelity—of permitted infidelity. Finally, a look of titillation crossed her face.

She turned to me. "You would really be okay with this?"

I could hear the disbelief in her voice.

I went to her and took her in my arms. "It would be my privilege to watch you and Pete fuck. Please say you'll do it, Sue. Please."

As I'd mentioned, I'd spoken to Pete about this rather delicate matter. I'd felt him out bit by bit, so as not to embarrass him or Sue. But when I'd finally told him what I had in mind for him and my wife, he lit up with excitement. Right then, I'd learned he was as attracted to Sue as she was to him.

The scenario was easy to set up, and the three of us could barely contain ourselves until the big night. But before long, it arrived.

Our bedroom was at the back of the house. I went out into our garden, so I could be on the outside, looking in. The bedroom drapes were open to give me a good view. The night felt alive to me, crackling with sexual anticipation. I checked my watch. I expected Pete to come over soon. He and Sue would have some wine and talk for a bit before the show began.

The wait made me squirm out there in the dark greenery. I'd had fantasies like this for years, and of course I'd never forgotten the special joy of watching Nora being fucked through that window long ago. My body sang with expectation. I kept licking my lips and checking the time. I considered maybe they had decided not to go through with it. *Please no!*

At last, I saw movement inside the

bedroom. Sue entered, wearing the sexy black dress she'd chosen earlier. She was alone, and I bit my lip with disappointment. But seconds later, Pete followed.

My heart raced, and my flesh rippled. A deep excitement seized me, something primal, profound even. Maybe not every male was wired like me, but I felt no shame for what I liked.

They turned to each other, and Sue slid gracefully into Pete's arms. He smiled at her, his hand playing down her back. She pressed close to him, and then they kissed. I realized I'd been holding my breath and let it out all at once. Arousal had taken hold of me, my cock swelling implacably in my slacks.

Their kiss grew passionate, and I had a perfect view of it. They, however, could both ignore the open window, if they chose. Neither of them needed to see me in the garden, even though they knew I was out there. Instead of taking notice of me, Sue raised her hand to the back of Pete's dark-haired head. She ground her mouth hard against his. He kissed her back just as fiercely. I saw their tongues flash past their parted lips.

I knew what it was like to kiss Sue that way. But now I was seeing it, and once again I experienced the curious pleasure of that outside view. Her hands moved on him. His were doing the same to her, reaching down to cup her gorgeous ass through the silky fabric of her dress.

She quickly unfastened his shirt's buttons and pulled the garment off him. She caressed his hard pecs and firm abs. As she tugged at his pants, he slid the dress off her shoulders. It fell down the length of her lush body, revealing the garter belt she wore to hold up her black stockings. Her tits were high and tight, capped with ripe pink nipples.

Pete stepped out of his pants. He laid his hands on Sue's irresistible breasts, while she took hold of his full firm cock.

I gasped aloud. With a trembling hand, I reached into my slacks and drew out

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my aching cock. My shaft throbbed in my grip as I slowly started to pump myself to the beautiful sight before me.

Sue led Pete onto the bed. They moved together with a knowing ease, no awkwardness. They were both committed to this. I was close enough to see the sparkle in Sue's eyes, the flush of excitement on her face.

Pete lay back, and Sue knelt between his legs. She cradled his balls as his cock stood up straight and proud. As Sue lowered her mouth toward his erection, my heart pounded. Sue licked Pete's cockhead, which made him wriggle on the bed, then she dropped her mouth down onto his shaft, taking all of him.

Suddenly, my hands were pulling at my clothes. I dropped every stitch and stood there naked and seething with desire among the trees. The night air touched my bare skin, only exciting me further.

Sue swallowed Pete's cock. Again, I knew how this felt. My wife is an enthusiastic cocksucker. I understood every iota of pleasure Pete was experiencing. It showed on his face, which contorted with sexual delirium. His hands clawed instinctively at the covers on either side of him.

She sucked him right down to his balls every time. I could see how the muscles in her neck moved, the way her back arched. She was so unbelievably beautiful.

When she lifted her head and grinned at Pete, he said something I couldn't hear. They switched positions. He moved in between her outspread thighs. I saw her pussy gleaming in anticipation. So many times I'd tasted her, but I had never seen another man do it.

Next, I watched Pete lick her. Naked under the night sky, I pulled my cock and drank in the luscious vista. Pete's tongue flicked over my wife's streaming slit. Sue's hips rose and fell. She lifted her ass off the bed and smeared her wet pussy back and forth across his face. She grabbed a fistful of his dark hair and humped against his mouth. Her face tore with pleasure, and I heard her orgasmic cry.

She collapsed back on the bed. Pete, his face dripping with her juices, moved up. His cock reared mightily above her pussy.

In the shrubs, I was mindlessly whispering, "Fuck her, fuck her, fuck her..."

When he slotted his cock into Sue, something flashed brightly in my skull. My ears rang like I'd just hit a jackpot. This was the fulfillment I'd been missing and needing. As much as I loved being Sue's husband, I didn't want to be her only lover.

As I watched Pete starting to stroke into her, I knew this was what she needed, too. Our marriage would be better than ever now. Her face, twisted with pleasure, told the story. Her gorgeous body writhed underneath his. She lifted her stockinged legs and wrapped them around his waist, taking every inch of him into herself.

His cock glistened with her wetness as he drew out and plunged himself back inside. I knew the grip of her pussy around my cock, and now Pete knew that sweet clasp as well. My heart brimmed with joy.

But my own body's needs were still very much in play. A fevered heat rose in me. My hand was moving in a blur as sexual frenzy tore through me. In the bedroom, Pete was pounding my wife. In the bushes outside, I was jerking myself to a wicked climax.

Pete and Sue came first. Her ecstasy was unmistakable. It rippled the length of her body. I didn't need to see Pete's spunk to know he was jetting into her. Seconds later, my climax took me, and I spattered the leaves and ground, sealing the beautiful night with my own release.

**–D.H., Provo, Utah**

## THIRSTY

The moment I saw big Tom I knew I wanted to watch him fuck my wife. He'd replaced my office's previous water deliveryman. Turned out old Samuel had retired. Good for Samuel.

Seconds after watching Tom wheeling

in the water and flipping those giant bottles, I'd made the call. It was easy. He was built like a linebacker and had pale blond hair shorn short. An easy smile, bright blue eyes and a friendly laugh completed the package.

Ruby was going to cream her panties when I told her about this one.

I gave it a few weeks though, watching him and making sure he'd be a good candidate. When I vet men to fuck my woman, I'm diligent and careful.

But before I approached him, I talked to my wife.

I was eating her pussy, and while my fingers were deep inside her cunt and she was on the razor's edge of coming, I raised my head and said, "I found a big burly guy to fuck you while I watch."

Her cunt clenched tight around my fingers, and I nearly swooned.

"You did?" Her fingers raked through my hair, her nails scraping my scalp and giving me shivers.

"I did." I gave her one lazy lick and then stayed still.

She waited a beat or two and then pushed my head down with her hand. "Then what are you waiting for, handsome? Finish me off, so you can fuck me—and tell me all about him."

"You're going to look so gorgeous getting screwed by him," I said. Then I thrust my fingers deep, sucked her clit and relished the orgasm that instantly slammed through her lithe body. I know my wife, and I know what gets her off.

She pushed me back and climbed astride me. She sank down on my cock and started to ride me.

"Tell me," she insisted.

"He's tall. Thick. Muscles on muscles…"

Her hips took up an easy rhythm as she let my words wash over her.

"Blue eyes, blond hair, big laugh, booming voice."

"Yes." She let her head hang forward, and her hair tickled my chest. I reached up and cupped her breasts in my hands. She squeezed her pussy tight around me, and

**"HIS TONGUE AND LIPS WERE A BLUR ON HER PUSSY AS HE QUENCHED HIS THIRST."**

my breath caught. I was going to come soon. Very soon.

"I bet he's got a big dick," I said.

She gasped. Her fingers clawed at my skin, and I winced for only a second.

"And it's going to look so good sliding into that pussy," I whispered hotly.

"Oh…" Ruby picked up speed, and I felt her cunt grow tighter still. She was a hot, wet fist milking my dick.

"He's going to fuck you so hard, and he won't believe his luck. He won't believe what a gift I've given him. That sweet pussy. That talented mouth."

She came, her cunt clenching me so tight I lost it, too. I only held on a second past her climax, and then I was shooting my load.

"What's his name, baby?"

"Tom," I said.

"Tom…"

Tom wasn't hard to convince—once he realized I wasn't joking.

"You want me to fuck your wife while you watch?" he asked under his breath. We were standing alone in the breakroom when I approached him. I was pretty upfront about it. Beating around the bush, so to speak, is usually confusing for everyone.

"I do. And so does she. The last piece of the puzzle is you."

He looked at me and cocked an eyebrow. "And that's not going to…upset you?"

I had no interest in explaining myself or my feelings or any of that to Tom. I left it at: "It works quite well for both of us."

He surprised me with a shrug and a simple, "Okay."

I clapped him on the back, gave him our address to plug into his phone and texted Ruby that we were on. The following night we'd have a special guest.

Arriving home after work on the evening I'd made the arrangements, I knew I was in for a treat. My hot wife fucked me nearly inside out. First, sucking my cock, then riding me like her life depended on it, then begging me to take her ass. I went to bed satisfied with my marriage, my choices and my sex life.

The next evening the doorbell rang promptly at seven. I answered, offering Tom a beer. He declined.

"Too nervous, I guess. I mean, this is hot, but I've never even met your wife and now I'm going to—"

"Fuck me blue?" she finished, walking into the room. She was stunning, as always. She wore black velvet leggings,

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a cream-colored sweater, no shoes and no bra. That was quite obvious. Her long blonde hair was hanging loose, and she wore no accessories beyond her lovely smile.

"I…um…"

She held out her hand. "Ruby. And you're Tom. And I can't wait to see you naked."

He turned six shades of red, but now he knew my wife. Blunt, funny and charming—she was the full package. She looked him dead in the eye and reached for the hem of her sweater. She pulled it over her head and stood there in nothing but her soft black leggings.

"Would you like to touch?" she asked, staring down at her breasts.

She didn't wait for an answer. She took his hands and guided them to her tits. He stroked then gently for a moment and then pinched one of her nipples. It was a serious pinch, I could see that. My cock grew stiff. Ruby liked it rough.

"Again," she murmured.

Tom pinched her again, and she sighed. "More."

He pinched harder, and I knew if he put his hand inside her leggings and then a finger inside her pussy, he'd find her drenched. Wetter than wet. And hot, too.

She pushed her leggings down as if reading my mind. He stared at her. Her naked mound was mostly shaved, just as smattering of neat brown hair there in the center. Her shapely hips were as smooth as silk, I knew from experience.

He put his hand between her thighs when she guided him there, and he pressed one finger inside her. Then another.

**"SHE SOBBED SWEETLY AND HELPLESSLY, AND I WANTED TO GRAB MY DICK AND JERK IT."**

Ruby purred, thrusting her hips toward him. She held his hand steady and started to writhe against it.

Poor Tom's cock was so hard; it looked like it might burst through his jeans.

She got off right there, just like that. Grinding against his hand and looking like some kind of sex goddess.

I walked past them into the bedroom and took a seat in the gray chair that sat to the left of the bed.

Ruby led him in right after me. She dropped to the mattress and pulled her legs up high, baring her pussy. She didn't tell him what to do; he was already on the same wavelength. He dropped to his knees and went at her like he was starving. His fast-moving tongue and lips were a blur on her pussy as he quenched his thirst with her juice. He was madly sucking and slurping and licking, all the while driving his fingers in and out of her sopping wet slit.

She came again, her cries loud in our quiet house.

"Jesus," Tom said. I wanted to warn him about keeping control, but though it best to just watch.

Inside my jeans, my dick was hard and throbbing. But it would have to wait, which would be the most delicious torture.

He settled over her, his bulk almost making her disappear. But I could see his penetration of her clearly from my angle—could spot his cock driving into her as her hips bucked up to take him. He slid his huge hands under her ass, and she hiked her legs up high. I could clearly see him pistoning into her pussy and her hands clutching at the bedsheets. She moaned, and my whole body experienced a burst of arousal that felt like an electric shock.

I almost mimicked her moans but managed to swallow the noise.

Tom grabbed her hands and put them over her head. He held her there, fucking her hard and deep. Not too fast, not too slow. It was perfection.

Her toes curled, then relaxed,

then curled again. She was close to climaxing. I could tell.

"Bite her neck," I said matter-of-factly.

He did, without question, nipping her neck hard. Her toes curled again, and she let out a cock-stiffening cry as she came.

Tom grunted and pulled free of her before flipping her onto her hands and knees. He took her hips in his hands and pushed his cock against her dripping opening. He took his time sliding into her pussy, going nice and easy. He gripped her plush ass cheeks, lifting them so he could sink balls-deep.

She sighed and rocked backward, eager for more of his dick.

"Yes," she said on a sigh.

I wanted so badly to touch myself but didn't. I'd save every tiny flash of jealousy, every surge of pride, every ounce or arousal for reclaiming my woman afterward.

Tom circled his fingertip around her back hole. He teased it while driving his dick deep inside my wife's snatch. He fucked her at a perfect pace. He seemed to understand the meaning of finesse—of not banging into her so fast and so hard that she couldn't appreciate his work.

"Yes," she muttered again, her voice becoming a growl. She matched his steady rhythm, taking him as deep as she wanted him—as deep as she needed him.

She reached down and stroked her clit. Her motions were tentative at first, then they became harder, more demanding circles.

"Like that?" You like it like that?" he panted. He held her hips and squeezed them tight. Both her skin and his knuckles blanched. Ruby groaned with pleasure.

"Yes," she said. "Like that. Right there. Don't stop."

The need straining her voice nearly made me blow.

He slid a finger into her ass, and she sucked in a breath. He thrust it in time with his cock, sliding in and out of both of her holes. The extra pressure and friction drove her wild. She bucked under him, tossing her hair wildly.

She'd never looked more beautiful to me.

"I'm not going to last much longer," Tom warned. "You feel so good. So, fucking good…"

She hissed as she threw her body back to take him.

"Don't stop. Don't stop," she chanted.

Tom wound her long hair around his fist and held it tight as he continued to pound her.

"Come for me, Ruby. Come for me."

She sobbed sweetly and helplessly, and I wanted to grab my dick and jerk it until I came. But I didn't.

Instead, I watched my wife get fucked by big Tom.

"I can feel you squeezing me. That pussy's going to come," he said, seconds before she cried out loudly—and unmistakably.

"There it is," Tom announced, his voice an odd mix of pride, accomplishment and lust as my wife's orgasm shook her from head to toe. I watched her brace herself to keep from falling onto the mattress. He thrust into her a few more times and then groaned as he pulled free and shot his cream all over the backs of her lovely thighs.

I marveled at my smiling wife, knowing the moment we got our guest out of the house, I'd be reclaiming her pussy—and maybe even more.

**–R.K., Baton Rouge, Louisiana**

## ON LOAN

I was not what you call a good girl. I was promiscuous and tried almost everything. But then I met a very nice man, who was much older, and he took care of me. We settled down and got married a few years ago, and I have felt very lucky. He is a man of means who can afford to take care of me—while I take care of him in the bedroom. He also does not cheat on me. He frequently tells me I am his one and only, the apple of his eye.

But his generosity extends beyond me. We have an arrangement that I fully approve of, one that gives me extra pleasure. My husband likes to "loan" me out to friends and business associates. Now, I know that sounds sleazy, and one of my girlfriends said he was my pimp. But neither he nor I take any money. Our arrangement allows me to fuck other men, and my husband gets off on knowing that his hot young wife is desired by others. Sometimes my encounters are

# LETTERS

## ↘ TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

videotaped, and we later watch them together in bed.

I've had lots of lovers—and lots of sex—but my deepest and closest relationship is with my husband, who I adore. But I also happen to adore fucking others for our mutual pleasure.

Most recently, my husband loaned me to an associate who was visiting from France. Jean was not exactly wanting for female companionship—he's a known playboy throughout my husband's company. He and I had met for the first time at a Christmas party, and later in the evening, he'd asked my husband, "Does Lana swing?"

My husband's eyes lit up, and he said that the next time Jean was in L.A. he would have a nice surprise for him.

During Jean's very next visit, my hubby asked me if I was interested in entertaining the dashing Frenchman. (My husband never orders me to do anything—he knows better.) But of course I was willing, as Jean's a suave and handsome man. I took a ride over to the fancy villa where he was staying and found a note that read: "Dear Lana, I will be back soon. Feel free to use the pool."

It was a hot day, so I went around back, stripped down to my birthday suit and enjoyed myself in the cool water.

Not ten minutes after I hit the water, Jean was standing by the edge of the pool, enjoying the show. I pretended I was shocked that he was seeing me naked, covering my boobs and saying, "Jean, I didn't think you'd be back so soon!"

He played along and said, "It's all good. Mind if I join you?"

Let me tell you, this man was gorgeous. In addition to his handsome face, which was enhanced by a full beard, his body was amazing, with six-pack abs and wide shoulders. But what really got my attention was his large cock, which was already semi-hard and swayed as he stepped into the water. I went right into his arms, and we kissed passionately. His dick grew fully erect and poked me in the stomach.

"Let's go inside," he murmured and took me by the hand. We dried off and went straight to the bedroom. For a while we just stood in the center of the room, kissing hungrily. By now I had his uncut cock in my hands, stroking it. For all the men I've had, Jean's may have been the largest prick I'd ever encountered.

"I want to suck your cock," I whispered to him before dropping to my knees and doing just that.

He tasted so good, and I teased his crown with my tongue before lowering my lips down his length as far as I could. He said he was going to fall over if I kept up what I was doing, so we climbed onto the bed. He reclined on his back with his legs spread, and I made myself comfortable between his thighs. I started by taking his balls into my mouth separately, sucking each and making him moan. All the while I looked him straight in the eyes.

I love to deep-throat, and though Jean's cock was huge, I was up for the challenge. He groaned as I worked my way down his length, and eventually my nose hit his pubic hair.

"You should take up sword swallowing," he said in his charming French accent as his body quivered with excitement.

He gently removed me from his cock, telling me he didn't want to come just yet.

"But I want you to fuck my face," I told him earnestly.

He smiled broadly. I positioned myself on all fours, and he stood before the edge of the bed. He grabbed hold of my ponytail and impaled my face. Every once in a while I like it rough, and this was one of those times. Jean went with it, fucking my mouth and slapping his balls against my chin.

When I could tell he was on the verge of climaxing, I pulled off him to gasp, "Let me ride you."

Jean flopped onto his back, and I got on him cowgirl style, leaning over enough that he could play with my breasts. I ground my pussy against the base of his cock, then slid up and down the length of him. He gripped my ass cheeks with his large hands, raising and lowering me to ease my ride.

I was ready to come and let myself go, gushing on Jean's dick. I collapsed in his arms, and he kissed me tenderly.

But I was soon ready for more. I got off his cock and licked it clean of my pussy juice. I swung my hips around so that we were in a 69 and plastered my cunt against his mouth. He was a great pussy-licker, but he soon had other things in mind. He slipped around so that he was behind me while I was still positioned on my knees. He ate my pussy from behind, with his nose pressed into my asshole. Every so often he'd give me a love tap on my ass—some harder than others, but each slap made me gush.

After he made me come again with his tongue, he sank his cock into my wet cunt and fucked me doggy-style. Again, my ponytail came in handy, and he gripped it like reins. He fucked me hard, and I tumbled into another delirious orgasm. He pulled out, and immediately I went at his cock once more, licking and sucking it clean.

When I came up for air I asked him, "Am I the sluttiest girl you've ever had?"

But before he could answer, I went back to blowing him, making it difficult for him to say anything comprehensible. At this point, I knew he couldn't last much longer, and I debated whether I wanted to swallow his come or have him shoot inside me. I decided on the latter.

I lay back with my toes pointed to the ceiling and asked Jean to fuck me.

**"I TEASED HIS CROWN WITH MY TONGUE BEFORE LOWERING MY LIPS DOWN HIS LENGTH."**

I practically meowed as he hammered into me. I urged him on, saying things like, "I want you to pump your load inside me," and "Fill me with your hot come." That last one did the trick, and Jean released a massive load into my pussy. He pulled out and collapsed beside me. Some cream trickled out of me, but I wanted to save the rest, so quickly got into my panties.

"You're leaving?" he asked, unable to do much more than lift his head off the pillow.

"Yes, my darling, but we will see each other again." With that, I drove home in a hurry, hoping to find my husband. There he was, reading the paper in the living room. I pulled the newspaper out of his hands and took him by the wrist, leading him to the bedroom.

"Would you like to hear about my tryst with Jean?" I asked, fully aware of what his answer would be.

"Of course," he replied.

With that, I leaned back and pulled off my shorts and panties. My pussy was still sticky with Jean's come. "Then get between my legs and eat me," I commanded.

While my husband licked my cunt clean, I told him the whole sordid story, embellishing only a little. In my version, Jean came many times—not just once. As he swallowed Jean's jism and my sticky honey, he jerked his own cock wildly.

I had a wonderful orgasm, and my husband eventually blew his wad on my tits. I had him lap up his load, and we relaxed together, secure in the loving knowledge that we completed each other.

**–L.K., Los Angeles, California**

If you've shared your wife, or have had one shared with you, why not share with us? Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department TH, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

# RED HOT

DERRICK FANNED THE FLAMES OF MARIE'S LUST
FROM THE MOMENT THEY MET.

## MARIE & DERRICK

## MARIE & DERRICK

## MARIE & DERRICK

## MARIE & DERRICK

# "A HARD COCK IN MY CUNT ALWAYS SPARKS AN ORGASM."

—MARIE

# LETTERS

## STEPPING OUT

## A CROOKED NUMBER

In baseball, a crooked number is more than a single run scored in an inning. So you want to put up a crooked number for your team. Two is better than one, obviously.

Mark, my husband, worked in finance, and for the past year he'd appeared to think of nothing but *his* numbers. I wasn't getting enough attention from him. I've also always been a very physical person who likes to exert myself, but running and biking had become too solitary. So last summer, I joined an amateur baseball league.

It was like being back in college. Suddenly, I was surrounded by rowdy teammates who played hard and had a good time doing it. It was a mixed squad, men and women, so the camaraderie was good-naturedly flirty, as well. I was unnerved at first by the sexual attention, but nobody crossed any lines.

My athletic abilities were still plenty sharp, but it took a little work to get back into the flirtatious groove. At the start, I thought I was making a damn fool of myself, but the guys responded in a gratifying manner.

As we played our games against rival teams, I started to let myself indulge in fantasies. What if the risqué talk actually led to something real? The men on the club were all in good shape. Several were quite handsome.

But I even had to ease my way into those daydreams. The first few times I thought about fooling around with another man, my marital instincts kicked in. I had never cheated on Mark. I didn't want to betray him.

Still, he had been letting me down in a very real way. I could barely get his attention in bed, even when I tried full-on seduction. It was almost like he was cheating on me—with his work!

Besides, what was the harm in indulging my sexual imagination?

So, I began my imaginary affairs in earnest. One by one I fantasized about the men on the team while I lay in my ornate bathtub, caressed by water and steam, running soapy hands over my taut body. I squeezed my own breasts and imagined the hands of my fellow players. I tweaked my nipples until they were hard points and pretended a male mouth was sucking on them.

When I thought of Cody or Vince, my two favorites, I would finger my pussy and thrash around in the suds before coming with shudders of pleasure.

But, as the saying goes, masturbation will only get you so far.

Now I found I had the actual seeds of infidelity planted in my mind. My guileless little fantasy fun threatened to open the way to the real deal. I was thinking in terms of actually doing some of the stuff I'd been imagining. My libido had been reawakened.

The baseball games continued. I played second base, and the men on the team often used that position for their double entendres. Like: "Man, I'd like to get to second base with you, Liza!" But it was all just innocent locker room talk. Wasn't it?

Cody and Vince remained at the top of my secret list of potential partners in infidelity. Both men had toned physiques. They were muscular without being over-developed, just how I liked. They were both good-looking. Cody had dark hair and flashing green eyes. Vince was a dark blond with an enticing smile.

I gave my husband one last chance. I dressed up in lingerie and paraded myself before him. Mark looked up from his paperwork, confused, like he had no idea how to respond to my display. That did it.

Vince and Cody were good friends who hung out together a lot. After a practice game, the two of them were heading off for a beer at a nearby bar. I invited myself along, figuring I would pick one or the other as the evening settled in, and then make my move.

I was shivery with excitement. My pussy hummed with need. I was really going to do this! At least, that was what I kept telling myself. But after the first round, I started to lose my nerve.

We were all at a table in the corner. Cody looked at the numerous empty bottles scattered in front of us and in an almost bashful voice said, "We can get more beers, Liza, or...you can

come back to my place."

I sensed that this wasn't just playful talk. My eyes sprang wide, and my nerves suddenly fluttered to the surface.

Before I could say yes, Vince leaned in to add, "We would both like to have you over."

We? We? Vince was going to be there, too! It seemed too fantastic. It seemed impossible. But I blurted out, "Hell yeah!"

When we got to Cody's apartment, I was so worked up I just froze. Not only hadn't I been with anyone but Mark in several years, but I'd never been with two men at the same time. How were we supposed to start something like this?

But Vince and Cody each took one of my hands, and they gently led me to the bedroom. I turned to Cody, and he lowered his head to kiss me. It was a soft touching of lips. I turned to Vince and shared another tender smooch. Passion rose in me, and their hands started moving, caressing me and tugging at my clothing.

They worked in such perfect tandem–unbuttoning buttons and unhooking clasps–that I realized they'd done this before. Maybe lots of times. They easily had me out of my clothes and had shed theirs along the way.

They were naked, standing on either side of me with hard cocks. I reached for their erections, and taking the initiative, I led them onto the waiting bed.

The two men pressed in on either side of me. I felt the firmness of their bodies, and the stiff bars of their cocks. Each man caressed one of my tits, gently kneading the mounds. Their movements were so similar. Pleasure radiated through me as they tugged at my hardened nipples. Vince kissed my mouth while Cody sucked on my nip. Then they switched. Again, I felt sure this wasn't the first time they'd had a woman sandwiched between them.

I felt safe with the pair. Perhaps playing second base had prepared me for being in the middle of this kind of

**"WITH THAT SAME BEAUTIFUL, SILENT ACCORD, THE THREE OF US WENT INTO MOTION."**

double play as well. I took hold of their cocks again, jerking their rods. The texture and pulsing aliveness thrilled me. They shared my excitement. These men desired me, and I realized how badly I had needed to be wanted.

But I wanted them right back. I shifted down the bed, still gripping their shafts. Hunkering between them, I leaned over and swirled my tongue over Vince's swollen cockhead. He jumped with pleasure. Then I leaned the other way and did the same to Cody, making him moan.

I kept going back and forth like that–playing pepper with their cocks. I dropped my mouth down Vince's staff, savoring the taste of him until my nose was pressed against his body. I bobbed my head up and down a few times and then I shifted over to Cody. I swallowed him, taking his thick knob into my throat as my tongue raced along his veiny length.

I came up for air, my mouth full of their delicious masculine flavor. I saw a look pass between the two men, like they were silently deciding something. Two seconds later, I was on my back and Cody was licking my pussy.

I groaned raggedly with pleasure, spreading my legs wide. His tongue delved deep into me. I couldn't remember the last time Mark had gone down on me. Cody had some genuine talent. My hips bucked, and my ass lifted off the bed. Sexual bliss abruptly crowded in on me, and I found myself flung helplessly into orgasm.

As I gathered my wits, I realized another mouth was on me. I looked down and saw a dark blond head between my legs. Vince was getting his taste of me. He went after my clit like his tongue was a guided missile. I yelped with joy as he toyed with my swollen pleasure-bud. After a brief moment, I was thrashing about again, coming a second time. My orgasmic juices flowed into Vince's welcoming mouth.

I tried to lever up, but a sensual fatigue had overtaken me. I found it very easy to stay lying back as Cody moved

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## ↘ STEPPING OUT

into position once more. This time he poised over me, his spit-wet cock hovering over my pussy. He stroked my slit with his fingertips, as if to check that I was ready for him. I certainly was, and he plunged inside.

I cried out, feeling the sweet slam of him as his pelvis struck mine and his full penetration consumed me. He pounded into me with hard, quick strokes. I loved it. My fingers raked his shoulders as his handsome face floated over me. I saw the pleasure crossing his features. His body moved with machinelike precision. I could tell he was keeping his own orgasm in check. Was he waiting for me? So considerate.

My climax flooded through me, a hot raging tide of carnal bliss. Cody was still holding himself back, probably pretty near the brink by now. Vince knelt off to the side, watching. I reached over and fondled his cock, which seemed to throb in my fist.

There was only one way I wanted to finish these two lovely men off. I eased Cody off of me, then gestured for him to stand at the foot of the bed, where I faced. Just as wordlessly, I directed Vince behind me and got on my hands and knees, thrusting my ass back toward him. Cody stepped closer, so that his cock bobbed enticingly before my mouth.

My body blazed and crackled with pleasure. Both what I'd already experienced and what was waiting for me fueled my fire. With that same beautiful, silent accord, the three of us went into motion. I sucked Cody's cock into my mouth, and Vince slotted his staff into my flowing pussy from behind.

I swallowed Cody to his root, and Vince sank himself in until his balls were tapping my slit. I was stuffed at both ends! A fevered dream of sexual ecstasy overtook me. I started working my mouth up and down that cock, tasting my own tart juices there. Cody settled his hands on my head and experimentally fucked my mouth. When I indicated it was good, he did it harder, filling my throat repeatedly with his cockhead.

Behind me, Vince settled into a steady rhythm. I eagerly took every one of his wonderful thrusts, feeling him penetrate me to my core as pleasure built within me. Soon the two men found a mutually agreeable tempo, each jamming into me at the same instant, again and again. Then they both sped up, fucking me in a blur at both ends.

My final titanic climax was accompanied by a flood of spunk. Vince warmed my insides while Cody sprayed my throat. I felt desired, needed, worthy. This day had outstripped any fantasy I'd had. I lost myself in the ultimate bliss of that crooked number.

I think my husband suspects I'm playing around, but it also seems to make him really hot. He's been paying more attention to me, too. He loves having a wife who can't get enough cock!

**–L.B., via email**

## PICKUP ARTIST

I had met Donna and Mandy for drinks at the corner bar, like we always do at least once a month for our girls' night out. I often flirt with guys while I'm there—even though I'm married. Occasionally, I have a little make-out session in the parking lot with a hot stud. And even more rarely, I want more.

On this particular night, I wanted more, and I knew right away who I wanted it from: the six-foot-tall, dark-haired guy with broad shoulders and a handsome face who was sitting at the bar. I'd caught him looking at me once or twice and flashed him a smile.

It was hard to concentrate on my two best friends because I was staring at the guy's hands on his beer bottle, wondering what his big mitts would look like on my thighs. I tried to imagine what they'd feel like holding me tight as he fucked me or what one of those thick fingers would feel like sliding into my cunt.

I was in no hurry to rush our hookup. My husband, Kenny, knew I was out with the girls, and there was a football game

on. He wouldn't care if I came home late.

When my friends wandered off to the dance floor, I stayed at the table trying to think of the best way to approach my target. Turned out I didn't have to. I looked up to see the tall, handsome stranger standing near my table, extending a glass of red wine.

"I hope this is close to what you're drinking," he said.

I nodded. "It is. It's red. It's wine. It works." I laughed softly, and he joined me.

"I'm Jeff." He offered his hand, and I shook it.

"Hi, Jeff," I responded. I never tell my name to bar pickups. Somehow that worked for me. "Would you like to get out of here?"

He blinked, but then smiled. "You don't want your drink?"

"I'd rather have sex."

He laughed softly and put his drink down, too. "Well, I love a woman who knows what she wants and says it."

I took his hand, and we started toward the door.

"What about your friends?" he whispered in my ear.

"I'll text them."

And I did. I texted to say something had come up and I had to go. Then I followed Jeff to a nearby hotel in my Jeep.

He got us a room, and I accompanied him upstairs, entering first after he pushed the door open.

He flicked on the light as he began to say, "I don't usually do stuff like th–"

The words died on his lips as I pulled my sweater off and unbuttoned my jeans. I didn't really care if he did this often. I didn't do it often, but when I did, I went whole hog.

"Can I suck your dick, Jeff?" I asked.

His eyes went wide–I loved that–and then he nodded, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Good." I pulled my jeans off and then my panties. He watched, mesmerized, so much so I nearly laughed, but I managed to control myself and keep a straight face.

**"HIS COCK ROCKETED DOWN MY THROAT TO THE POINT WHERE I STRUGGLED TO BREATHE."**

I crawled to him on the carpet, looking up at his big body and seeing the way his obviously erect dick tented his pants. When I reached him, I got up on my knees and popped the button on his waistband, then I drew his zipper open. With his help, I yanked down his jeans and his boxer briefs allowing his big dick to spring free. I licked my lips, and took his cockhead in my mouth sucking it like a lollipop.

His eyes drifted shut, and he moaned.

I pulled off him to say, "You hold on, big boy. We have a whole lot more night ahead of us."

"Don't worry–I can hold my own," he rumbled.

I smiled and drove my mouth onto his shaft, sucking his cock like my life depended on it.

He rested a hand on top of my head and held it there. His hips bucked toward me in short bursts, and his cock rocketed down my throat to the point where I struggled to breathe–but God, I loved it!

I knelt there as he fucked my face, and I inhaled the mouth-watering scent of him. I smiled as I pulled back and teased his cock with the tip of my tongue, looking up into his startled brown eyes.

"Get on the bed," he said. That was an order if I'd ever heard one.

Oh, goody!

I leapt onto the bed so quickly, I bounced.

"Turn over," he said.

I flipped over onto my hands and knees, and then Jeff got behind me. He palmed my butt and squeezed my cheeks.

"You have a hell of an ass, no-name."

I chuckled. I liked his sense of humor. "Thank you, Jeff."

He ran his short fingernails down my back, pressing hard. The act provoked a shiver, and I laughed with delight. He tickled his fingers along my butt and then drew a fingertip down my asscrack. He knocked my legs wide with his knee, and I groaned. He pushed one finger into my wet slit, then a second. He fucked me that way for a moment, making soft appreciative noises when my body moved in time with his ministrations.

He moved forward and dragged his cockhead along my opening. Then he sank into me slowly, his big hands

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gripping my hips tightly. When he was fully seated, he began fucking me roughly and his balls banged against me.

"Harder," I demanded, reaching beneath myself and finding my clit with a slick finger.

"Not yet," he chuckled. "Harder in a moment. Right now, I'm taking my time. Something tells me I may never see you again. I want to appreciate the moment."

I pushed back against him and squeezed my internal muscles around his cock. He groaned, and I released a soft laugh.

He pulled back, thrust deep, pulled back, and thrust deep again. He kept me on edge with a pause at the end of each withdrawal. Every time he hit bottom, I squeezed my cunt around him harder. We were toying with each other. It was lovely.

His fingertips dug into my skin, and I drove myself back against him, impaling myself on his long, hard dick. My finger skated over my slippery clitoris, and I found myself coming intensely and suddenly, growling into the hotel pillow when the spasms hit me and swept me under. It was glorious.

Jeff grunted and pulled free of me. He bent and bit my ass cheek hard enough to make me cry out and likely leave a mark. I didn't care. Let my husband see it.

"Again," I insisted.

He bit the other ass cheek and groaned. "Such an ass."

He flipped me onto my back and pushed my knees high and wide. He settled between my spread thighs, his cock gliding along my center and sliding over my sensitive clit. He watched my face intently, and I stared right back at him. Finally, he positioned himself at my pussy and drove into me slowly—inch by inch, watching my face as he entered me.

"Yes," I said, smiling. "Just like that."

When he was balls-deep, he gave a little nudge forward and I sighed, "So perfect."

This seemed to please him. He fucked me using short brutal thrusts that tapped the perfect spot inside me over and over until I thought I'd die. But I didn't die. I simply came, hard and fast, my juices coating his cock and wetting the tops of my thighs.

Jeff just moaned as my pussy spasmed around his thrusting dick, which was just the right thickness, just the right length. He used those lean hips perfectly, rocking from side to side slightly. He was quickly working me toward another climax. I gripped his shoulders as my cunt rhythmically clenched him once more.

"Fuck," Jeff muttered.

"Turn me over," I whispered. My body felt loose and lazy from my orgasms. "Fuck my ass."

The words were almost too much for him. I could tell from the look on his face.

Jeff flipped me again, and I got on my hands and knees. He dragged his dick along my slit and coated it with even more of my copious juices before pressing his cockhead into my asshole. I took a breath, and when he didn't move, I pushed back slightly. He gripped my hips, and a desperate noise fell from his lips. He pressed forward slowly, and when my body opened to him, he moaned. He paused with only the tip inside me, and I tossed my head.

Wanting more, I moved back to take him, my body softening, opening and allowing him entry. He started to move in a steady rhythm. My fingers drifted back to my clit, and I stroked it. My pussy was still spasming, flickering around nothing but phantom pleasure.

"Your ass is so tight," he muttered.

I smiled and pushed two fingers

**"I FOUND MYSELF COMING INTENSELY AND SUDDENLY, GROWLING INTO THE PILLOW."**

inside my cunt. I could feel his cock rubbing against me through that thin layer of flesh.

The sensation of my fingers stroking him from the inside almost did him in. He hissed loudly and slowed a little. I continued to drive my fingers into my cunt, my palm grinding against my clit as I fucked myself.

He grabbed my ass cheeks hard, spreading them wider and no doubt watching the path his cock was taking as it rocketed in and out of my back hole. His breath came in bursts, and I felt it hot on my lower back.

I curled my fingers against my G-spot and came again, my cries loud this time.

The odd noises he was making sounded very much like a man whose control was rapidly fading. Jeff managed a few more deep thrusts before pulling free of me quickly.

I turned my head to watch him jacking his cock roughly in one big fist. He shot hard and long, a white ribbon of come hitting my hip and my lower back. I smiled at him, happy that he'd gotten off so hard.

He dropped to the bed and draped his arm across his forehead.

"I wasn't expecting this tonight," he said.

I got up to fetch a towel.

"Well, I'd say you did a good job, considering I was clearly a surprise."

He chuckled. "You're funny. And have a spectacular ass. But, I assume I never get to fuck you again."

"You assume right."

He cocked an eyebrow. "Not even if I happen to hang out at that bar from time to time and we accidentally run into each other again?"

I smoothed my hair, pretending to think. He had been good. Very good. But I'd have to leave it to chance.

"I guess we'll see," I said. "Stranger things have been known to happen."

**–D.E., Bayside, New York**

## LOST IN THE ROUGH

I would have never have imagined that at 25, an attractive woman such as myself would be a golf widow. But that's what happened shortly after Griffin and I married. Before our wedding, my husband had never liked the idea of golf. In college, he was a long-haired leftie and thought golf was for the bourgeoisie. But then he went to law school, shaved off his beard and cut his hair. He became a corporate lawyer. He works tremendous hours, and the guys in his firm got him into golfing. So now, on Sunday—the one day he doesn't spend in the office—he goes golfing.

I understand he needs some relaxation, but I'm a hot-to-trot woman who needs sex! During the week it's "I have to get up early, baby," and even on Saturday nights he's too tired to do anything but go to a movie. We live in the desert, so it rarely rains and it's never too cold for him to hit the links. Once it did actually rain on a Sunday, so I slipped into some racy lingerie and found him in the living room, watching golf. He never even looked away from the screen.

Our sex life has taken a tremendous hit, and I have become intimately acquainted with my growing collection of vibrators and dildos. Griffin may have noticed my toy stash, but he hasn't said a word about it.

I still love the big lug, though. I've thought about having an affair but decided against it. I'm not looking for any sort of emotional attachment. Instead, I kept to my toys and my fantasies (the mailman is really hot) and hoped Griffin would twist an ankle or get carpal tunnel or something that would force him to slow down and spend more time at home.

Then a new couple moved in next door. Griffin and I went over to introduce ourselves to Fred and Naomi. When the guys immediately started talking about golf, I groaned. Before ten minutes had gone by, Griffin had invited him to join a foursome. Naomi rolled her eyes at me. Clearly, she was a kindred spirit.

But it turns out Naomi was a blessing. When the boys went golfing, we'd go sunning together by her pool. She was absolutely the most stunning woman I had ever seen, nearly six feet tall, with long black hair, an olive complexion and what guys would call a magnificent rack. When we lay out in her backyard, I couldn't help but stare at her from underneath my sunglasses.

I've had a few girl-girl experiences in my life. I wouldn't call myself bisexual, and I'm certainly not a lesbian—I crave cock, after all—but at night, lying next to my snoring husband, I imagined Naomi's

# LETTERS

## ↘ STEPPING OUT

**"SHE LAPPED AT MY CLIT AND FINGERED MY CUNT, MAKING ME NEARLY DELIRIOUS."**

tongue in my pussy. Would having sex with her be cheating? I didn't think Dear Abby would answer that kind of letter, and besides, I had no idea if Naomi swung that way.

But after a couple of weeks, I found out she did.

We'd usually lay on our stomachs with our bikini tops untied to eliminate tan lines on our backs. But one day Naomi decided she didn't want them on her front, either. Their backyard–like ours–is secluded, surrounded by hedges and trees. And besides, she said, "If some perv wants to see my tits through binoculars, let him."

Let me say this–Naomi's boobs were perfect. Their size and shape would be the envy of any runway model. I openly stared at her pendulous tits and large brown nipples. She laughed.

"Honey, these things are tough to lug around. I much prefer yours. As they say, more than a mouthful is a waste."

I decided to take off my top, too. While Naomi's breasts are natural double-Ds, mine are more modest Bs–but with very large nipples. Griffin used to love sucking on them. Naomi sat up, perched on one elbow, and admired them.

"Now, those beautiful boobs could drive a guy crazy." She leaned back and closed her eyes. "A girl, too."

Just a second later she exclaimed, "Hey, we have to put some sunscreen on those titties! I rarely burn, but your skin will turn lobster red in no time. You're so pale."

I reached into my bag for some SPF 50, and she asked if she could apply it. I sat there stupidly, ready to pump cream into my own hand.

"I can manage," I said half-heartedly.

"I know you can manage," she said, laughing. "But it's way more fun to have some help!"

I handed her the bottle, and she coated her hands with the white cream. Then she applied it to my tits, working delicately at first before slipping into a more sensual massage. In a few moments I was groaning; her touch was magnificent. I just lay back and luxuriated in this beautiful woman stroking my skin.

"Damn, I just realized something," she said, after her work was complete. "With suntan lotion all over those perky little boobies, I can't lick them." She got out of her chaise longue and knelt on the end of my mine, parting my legs. "So I'll have to lick where there is no lotion." She hooked her fingers in the sides of my bikini bottoms and flashed me a devilish smile. "May I?"

I was in another world by now, struggling to find the words to speak. I must have nodded affirmatively because she skinned me out of my suit and got comfortable between my legs, with my thighs resting on her shoulders. She teased me, running her long fingernails along the inner parts of my thighs, her tongue darting dangerously close to my pussy.

Naomi then got serious. She earnestly lapped at my sex, which began flowing honey from her very first lick. It had been so long since Griffin had eaten me out. I was ready for this in the worst way. She stroked my pussy while circling my clit with her tongue, edging ever closer but not touching it. Then her thumb slid lower to massage my asshole while she suckled my clit rhythmically. I bucked so hard I almost threw her off the chair.

She laughed but went right back to work. Naomi kept bringing me to the brink of orgasm before backing off. She lapped at my clit and fingered my cunt beautifully, making me nearly delirious with pleasure.

I don't know how long this went on. It could have been ten minutes; it could have been an hour. But she finally got me off by sucking my clit between her lips and lashing her tongue over it–jamming two fingers deep into my hole all the while. I came like a waterfall, my pussy juice saturating her face and actually making a sticky spot beneath my ass. I lay back, naked and dazed.

After a few ragged breaths, I sat up slightly and eyed her nearly nude body with lascivious interest.

"May I return the favor?" I asked her.

She smiled wanly. "First, let's take a

dip and rinse off all this suntan lotion." She pulled off her suit bottom, revealing a perfect ass, and dove into the pool. I joined her, and before long, we stood in the shallow end, making out passionately. I hadn't kissed a girl in a long time. Naomi then upped the ante, suckling my breasts as I leaned against the edge of the pool.

Then I got my chance to worship hers. At first I just held her big boobs, as if weighing them in my hands, before sucking and nipping on her nipples. I reached underwater to stroke her slick pussy and slipped three fingers inside her. She groaned and leaned against me. I finger-banged her until she thrashed in the water with her first orgasm.

"It's time to take this party inside," she said, before leading me by the hand into her house. I told her I had a lot of toys at my place. But she just smiled and took me to her bedroom, where she opened her closet door to reveal a veritable warehouse of sex gadgets. She did a little browsing before pulling out a pocket rocket.

"This is my favorite," she said. "Small and simple. Would you use it on me?"

I didn't have to be asked twice. Naomi sprawled on the bed, her long dark legs spread and her toes pointing toward the corners of the mattress. I climbed between her thighs and tasted her cunt before applying the buzzing gizmo to her clit. She jerked and sighed, and I pulled back to tease her. I repeated the process several times, not letting her come–until she begged me for release. Eventually, I tossed aside the toy, buried my face in her snatch and attacked her clit with my tongue. She came that way, flooding my mouth with her sweet nectar.

We lay entwined in one another's arms, caressing and cooing, until Naomi was ready for more.

"I have a new plaything I'd love to try. I bought it with the hope of getting a lady friend–and now here you are!"

She retrieved a two-headed dildo from her closet stash. I'd never used one before, but I was fascinated.

"How does it work?" I asked.

Naomi contemplated the slightly curved purple toy.

"Well, there are no instructions, but I imagine it works this way." She lay back and inserted one end into her vagina. "Okay, now you slip the other end inside you!"

It was like a perverted game of Twister, but I did my best. Soon we were locked together in something resembling a scissor position. We began grinding against each other, with the ends of the dildo sinking further inside each of us. It was awkward, but the act gave me the crude sensation of her fucking me with her very own penis. I was really turned on.

After a few minutes, Naomi announced, "I want to try something I saw in a porn movie." We disengaged from the toy. Then she got on all fours and replaced the dildo inside her. "Now you get on all fours, and put your ass against mine."

I got the idea, and we each took in half of the dildo and slammed our butts together. It was weird but fun, and we broke off laughing before either of us came.

By then it was about time for the guys to come back, so we put some clothes on and had tea in her kitchen. We realized that we now had something to look forward to on Sundays.

I'm not quite sure if this is cheating; I suppose it is, since Griffin doesn't know about it. But every Sunday since then, Naomi and I have enjoyed afternoon delight, and I've stopped bugging Griffin about sex. If he's noticed anything, he hasn't mentioned it.

Naomi and I have discussed what we will do the next Sunday it rains. We might invite Griffin and Fred to join us and make it an indoor foursome. But I don't know if that's a good idea. I kind of like our secret golf widow Sundays.

**–G.H., via email**

Do you have a secret side piece? Come on, you can tell us! Dish all about your dirty affair and send your letter to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SO, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

# KNOCKIN' BOOTS

IN VALENTINA, KENNA'S FOUND A LOVER WHO KNOWS HOW TO REV HER ENGINE.

# "SIPPING FROM KENNA'S SNATCH MAKES ME DRUNK WITH LUST!"

—VALENTINA

# KENNA & VALENTINA

# KENNA & VALENTINA

# SHARE THE LOVE

Did you just have the wildest night of your life? Did your greatest fantasy come true?
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E-mail your torrid tales to **Letters@Penthouse.com**

# PEEP SHOW

Charlie has a front-row seat to his wife's outdoor group grope—and he's never witnessed anything sexier.

**By Bella Dean**

Briana sat down at my table on the patio. Our company had made a nice place for us to eat outside, even when it was cold. During the winter, they closed the area in and added heaters. They'd also created a small gym and a yoga room, and brought in massage chairs, too. All in the name of productivity and relaxation. The idea being that a happy worker was a productive worker.

I was skeptical at first, but their plan appeared to be a success.

Briana was the woman they'd brought in to spearhead the implementation. She was the company's "therapist." She was the hired liaison between workers and the upper echelon. She made sure we were happy and they were informed. So, her job was to know everything about everyone.

"Hey, Charlie."

I nodded, spearing a cucumber on my fork. My recent healthy-eating had been implemented by my personal handler—a.k.a. my wife, Olivia.

"Hey there, Bri. How goes it?"

"It goes." She smiled. She had long brown hair and big green eyes. She was open-minded, friendly and always "on." She was also damn good at her job. I liked her.

She had a cup of coffee that she twirled around and around on the wrought-iron table's top. She almost seemed nervous.

"I wanted to talk to you about something," she said. "It's personal. Not work."

I looked at her, feeling confused. She knew I was married. She pretty much knew everything about me. I had no idea what she wanted to discuss.

"Okay, shoot," I said curiously.

"My boyfriend, Jack, and I have an open relationship." She cocked her head. "Do you know what that is?"

I laughed. "That's not exactly a new concept, you know. I may be older than you, but I'm not dead."

She laughed softly. "Of course not. I just wanted to make sure we were on the same page, is all."

"I got you. But what does that have to do with me?"

"Well, I've gotten to know you, and my speculation is that you and Olivia aren't exactly in an open marriage."

**"HE DID IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN: EATING HER AND FLICKING HER WITH HIS TONGUE."**

"Nope." I shook my head and continued to fork up my salad, but my interest was piqued.

"However," she said, sipping her coffee and eyeing me. "I have the feeling that on occasion you like to watch your wife have sex with other men."

A cherry tomato seemed to be wedged in my throat. I finally managed to swallow, and then I nodded. "And you think you know this how?"

"Well, for starters, I'm in an open relationship, and I've met other men like you. Plus, I'm good at my job, which requires getting information about a person and a feel for their personality and intuiting certain things. If I'm wrong, tell me. I apologize."

I shook my head, deciding to roll the dice, because now I was *really* curious.

"No. You're not wrong."

"Good. I'm pleased on several levels." She laughed. "My boyfriend's birthday is coming up. He has a fantasy, and I'd like to make it happen. And I think you could help me. And…I could help you."

I leaned in. "What's the fantasy?" My sad, boring lunch was long forgotten.

"He wants to share an attractive woman with his two best friends, while her husband watches."

I swallowed hard and felt a stirring in my cock. I gritted my teeth. I'd be damned if I'd get a hard-on while sitting with Briana at work. I got myself under control—just barely—and said, "I'll have to talk to Olivia about this."

She nodded, her cheeks glowing with color. "Of course…you know where to find me when you decide."

"Why Olivia?" I asked as she stood up to leave.

"Oh, that's easy," she said. "I've met Olivia. She's beautiful. They're going to love sharing her. If she's game, that is."

Then she was gone, leaving me sitting there, with the words "she's beautiful" echoing in my head as I tried to get my once again raging cock to behave.

That night Olivia said, "Tell me again," as she pushed her palm against the back of my head, encouraging me to eat her pussy.

I pulled away from her slightly to mumble against her wet slit, "Three guys. Her boyfriend and his two best friends. Sharing you." I traced her labia

with my tongue before going back to flicking her hard clit.

She thrust up against my mouth shamelessly. I let my teeth press into the ridge of her mound lightly—the way she liked—keeping my tongue moving constantly over her swollen nub. I clutched her ass in my hands to hold her still, so I could stay on target. I drew a stripe up and down over her clitoris with my tongue, making her snap her hips upward.

Olivia tugged my hair hard and tears sprang to my eyes, but I kept going. She was drenched and so fucking close to climaxing. And then I was going to fuck her until she sobbed because we were both so turned on by Briana's proposal.

"Three guys sharing you. While I watch," I said, wriggling and pressing my hard cock against the mattress beneath me before I focused once more on her clit. I tongued it fiercely until she came, her juices flooding my mouth. Then I climbed over her, knocked her legs wide and drove my dick into her on a single thrust, clutching her hips tightly.

"Where? When?" she whispered in my ear, her voice needy and desperate.

"I don't know yet," I said. "I won't know until I tell her that you're interested. I'll talk to her tomorrow."

She nodded. "Okay, okay. Say it again."

"Three guys sharing you, while I watch…"

She came again, fast and hard, her cunt clenching around my cock.

I wasn't far behind, jamming into her balls-deep and emptying my load into her with a loud cry. As soon as we set up the details, I guessed we'd be doing this all over again while I explained Briana's plan to her.

Turned out, I was right.

Briana filled me in, and I told Olivia—and then we went at each other all over again. Our sex was even hotter than the first time I'd mentioned the idea of this dirty hookup.

All that was left was waiting impatiently and expectantly for the fateful night to arrive.

It turns out Jack and his two best friends—Rich and Wyatt—had hunted together as teens. But they didn't hunt with guns. They used to head to a big field of apple trees with spotlights at night. They'd stand there in the dark and then turn on the lights, seeing what there was to see. The goal was to catch deer eating gently off the low-hanging, fruit-laden branches.

Jack had told Briana it was one of his favorite places in the world and smelled like heaven when the apples were just starting to ripen for picking.

Unfortunately, apple season was long past. But he'd also commented on the beautiful rimes of frost on the field and how it was a great place to play. Only this time, we'd be engaging in a rather grown-up game. And my wife was the prize.

"Here's your light," she said, handing a lamp to me. "And here's your wireless remote," she said to Olivia, offering her a small device. In the moonlight, I could see Briana's breath in the cold. "If you want Charlie to see you, hit the button. It will trigger a light on the fence that will

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illuminate the scene—or turn off the light if you're in the mood to tease."

Then as an aside to me, Briana added, "I have a remote, too."

It was an elaborate scenario for a birthday gift, but I wasn't surprised. Briana was that kind of person: tuned in and meticulous. She indicated two lawn chairs positioned by the fence. "I can stay, or I can go. It's up to you," she said to me.

"I don't care one way or the other," I responded with honesty.

She nodded, saying, "I want to watch. Your wife's hot!" Then she approached Jack and kissed him. "Happy birthday, baby."

He murmured something in her ear, smacked her ass and watched her take her seat. Then he looked at Olivia. "Ready? You still have time to change your mind." But as he spoke, he held out a hand.

She took it eagerly. "I'm ready. Can't wait to start," she said, her voice trembling from excitement.

Those were the very words I'd expected to hear from my naughty wife, and I couldn't hold back my smile.

The weather was fairly mild for that time of year, and I was glad for it. The show wouldn't be rushed because no one would catch a chill. Although I was pretty convinced the scene would be so hot that no one would notice the state of the weather!

Briana and I watched the two of them walk across the field to where Rich and Wyatt were waiting under the cover of trees that blocked most of the moonlight. Without a powerful spotlight trained on the scene, it was impossible to view the group. Olivia hit the button on her remote to brighten the scene substantially, and then we watched Jack and his friends unroll an extra-large sleep mat over the grass. Olivia kept their whole lead-up illuminated. It was only once things started rolling that she'd care whether the light was off or on.

It was an important factor to Briana, so I was fine with it. The peep show aspect would add some mystery to everything, which was enticing.

Jack kissed Olivia. He held a big handful of her hair, and from the way her neck arched, I could tell he was tugging just hard enough to make her gasp. Her nipples would be hard, her pussy already wet. I knew this for a fact, based on my previous enjoyment of her sexual charms.

But Jack was just learning all of these little quirks about my wife. He slid his hand down into her faded jeans and cupped her pussy. He grabbed her so hard, she rose up on her tiptoes, and I heard her moan in the distance.

Then Rich, the dark-haired friend, got on his knees and unbuttoned Olivia's jeans. He tugged them down along with her panties. Jack stood behind her and reached down between her legs. He spread his fingers, which spread her pussy lips and exposed her to the chilly night air. The act also gave Rich unfettered access to her clit. When he leaned in and dragged his tongue across her nub, I felt my cock jump. He did it over and over again: eating her and flicking her with his tongue, while Jack kept her pussy lips parted for his friend.

I heard her come as easy as you please. She was leaning against Jack as he held a handful of her hair with his free hand and ran his teeth down the side of her neck.

Next, Rich took off his own clothes and got down on the mat, lying flat. His cock was ramrod straight as Jack helped Olivia straddle his hips. Jack whispered in her ear as she sank onto Rich's cock. I chewed my lower lip, watching her settle herself on a stranger's dick. She rocked forward a few times as Rich held her hips, thrusting up from beneath her.

Once she was fully seated, Jack raised the remote. The lights went out.

I gasped. I hadn't been expecting that. I heard Briana laugh softly. I gave it a beat or two and then couldn't stand the darkness anymore. I used my handheld spotlight. There was Wyatt, the blond friend, unzipping his pants.

He pulled his cock out and stroked it while standing right in front of my wife's face. My cock ached, and my balls were unbearably heavy. I watched her part her pouty lips and lean forward, seeking his cock as he stood there watching her and stroking himself.

Wyatt swept his thumb across the tip of his erection and then stepped forward to straddle Rich's body and feed my wife his dick. Ever so slowly, he slid his shaft past Olivia's pretty pink lips. She struggled to swallow his substantial length.

Briana reached over and clicked my lantern. The light went out.

"Discipline, Charlie. At least a little."

I groaned. The problem with the image being gone was that I had nothing to focus on. My hand wanted to wander into my lap. I wanted to jerk off and give myself some relief. Instead, I hit the light.

Olivia was sucking Wyatt excitedly, rocking back and forth atop Rich's staff. She swallowed Wyatt's cock as deep as she could. Then he pulled free of her and tapped his cockhead against her lower lip, before painting this dick along her pout like he was applying lip gloss. I heard her moan and saw her writhe. Rich gasped, and Jack was slowly shucking his clothes like he had all the time in the world.

I got control of myself for once and clicked the button to turn off the light.

"Wow. Impressive," Briana teased.

We listened to them in the dark for a moment—the sighs, the grunts, the distinct sound of wet fucking and a woman being pleasured. My cock was painfully hard, and I was caressing the button on the light, trying to put off pressing it, when the tableau in the field sprang to life because someone in the distance had hit the remote.

I watched Jack squat down and get behind Olivia. She was still riding Rich, slow and steady, his big hands resting on the flare of her hips. Jack ran his cock along her ass crack. His finger dipped between my wife and his friend. I watched him spread what I assumed to be her pussy juice along her back hole, and then they all stilled.

**"I CHEWED MY LOWER LIP, WATCHING HER SETTLE HERSELF ON A STRANGER'S DICK."**

I pressed my palm to my lap, allowing myself a brief moment of pleasure. I chewed my lower lip as I watched Jack appear to ease his finger inside my wife's ass. The guy beneath her thrust up quickly and then went still again.

Olivia was moaning—one long, continuous sound of erotic bliss.

Jack eased his cock into her asshole, slipping into her slowly as she leaned forward atop Rich. Wyatt stood there, jacking his dick briskly, waiting and watching.

I could barely breathe. When Jack was inside her, she tipped her head back and moved with him as he started to fuck her.

Rich just laid there, his cock buried deep in my wife's cunt. I almost felt sorry for him but knew that every time Jack slid into her ass and rocked her forward the friction was carrying through to her pussy. They could likely feel one another's cocks inside her. Even as I watched, the two men were rubbing against one another, the only barrier being the thin wall of flesh between my wife's cunt and ass.

I had to bite my tongue to keep my focus. To not grab my cock and jerk off furiously like a crazy man. I'll admit, part of what stopped me was Briana's presence.

The lights suddenly went off, and I gasped.

I listened hard, hearing the wet slap of flesh on flesh. The harsh groan of a man, which one I had no idea, as he

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no doubt found pleasure in my wife. I heard Olivia's desperate gasps, her sighs and moans.

I let my fingers drag down the length of my hard-on and then pushed my hands beneath my thighs. I wanted to sit there a few moments. I wanted to control myself and just listen.

I held my breath and focused on the soft sounds, followed by more intense animalistic ones.

Then Briana reached over and clicked the button on my light.

"You know you want to see, Charlie."

I sighed at the scene. There she was, astride Rich, with Jack screwing her ass, deep and slow, and Wyatt fucking her mouth. Olivia once again strained to take him down her throat as Jack rocked her body with every thrust.

My self-control started to slip. I worked my hand inside my fly to gently stroke my dick, even though Briana was right there. My co-worker. But we were watching her man fuck my wife—and Briana had been the one to set it up! She wouldn't fault me for having a little fun.

I watched the men push and pull my insatiable wife, using her and pleasing her in equal measure. Jack reached around and pinched her nipples, holding them between his fingertips as he continued to pound her back hole.

She sobbed with joy. She loved having her nipples played with—the rougher the better.

Olivia's shout told me she'd climaxed. Rich shuddered, and I wondered if he'd let loose, too. Jack pushed against her back, leaning her forward and fucking her harder. Wyatt had gotten down on his knees. Olivia was now being pushed back and forth between Jack's cock in her ass and Wyatt's in her mouth. That is, until Wyatt growled and pulled free of her lips. He jerked off quickly, and I watched the white ropes of his come splash her cheeks and her hair.

Jack wasn't being gentle now. He was fucking her hard and fast. She was still

**"HE PULLED HIS COCK OUT AND STROKED IT RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY WIFE'S FACE."**

balanced over Rich. I thought I'd expire from holding my breath, so I sucked in deeply and released the air slowly. Next to me, Briana sighed.

"This is the first time I've watched," she whispered. "It's quite entertaining."

At that moment, the light on the fence illuminated. Now Briana and I would see even if we turned off our spotlight. We were approaching the grand finale, and everyone knew it.

I took my cock in my hand and gave it a few strokes. Then I tucked it away. I wanted to save myself—to reclaim my wife after this. I wanted to take her back and reinforce that she was mine.

Jack pulled out of her ass quickly and gave his cock a few hard strokes with his fist. He painted her ass cheeks and the small of her back with his jizz.

We all sat there frozen for a while with everyone catching their breath and absorbing what had happened. Then they all disengaged, and Wyatt and Jack helped Olivia get to her feet.

She stood gracefully, more like royalty than a woman who'd just been shared by three men. She walked toward me nude, with her face glowing and her breath quick. Jack gathered up her clothes and brought them over to me.

I didn't bother saying goodbye to anyone. It didn't seem necessary. By the time I got Olivia bundled in the car, I thought if she so much as breathed on my cock it would shatter like glass.

We made it about two miles down the dirt road. I pulled to the side and growled, "Get in the backseat, Liv."

Her eyes shone, and she nodded. Her cheeks were flushed with bright pink spots, and she licked her lips.

I climbed in behind her, both of us stripping off our clothes in a mad haste. I bent her over roughly, resting a hand on the small of her back. I drove into her cunt with one slick movement. I grabbed hold of her hip with one hand and pressed down on her back with the other. She sighed, slamming herself back against me. Her skin was sticky, and there was dead grass in her hair. But she'd never been more beautiful. Watching her get fucked had driven me over the edge. Now I needed to reclaim what was mine.

She was mine.

"Yes," she groaned.

I slammed into her deep and hard, my balls slapping her cunt with every thrust.

"Did you like that? Did that get you off?"

"Yes, yes," she moaned. "Did you like it, baby? Did you like seeing your girl with those big men? Did you like seeing me get fucked every way possible?"

I gritted my teeth, barely able to answer. Finally, I managed to say, "You know damn well I did. You took it so good, Liv. You took it like a good girl."

I shoved my thumb into her ass. Into the space recently occupied by Jack's hard cock. I had to focus all my energy on not coming at that moment.

I roughly worked my thumb in and out of her back hole, and she moaned and climaxed again. How many orgasms had she had that night? I'd lost count with the lights going on and off and the distracting visual of three men doing her. Her cunt milked my cock with a blissful, wet heat. I pushed my thumb deeper.

"Fuck me there, baby. Take my ass. Take it."

I growled, pulled free of her pussy and positioned my cock at her back hole, her juices coating my dick and easing my way. As I pressed forward, she pushed back, impaling herself on my erection. She met my every thrust with one of her own, fucking herself on my dick.

I splayed my hands across her back and plunged into her repeatedly. I lost it when she chanted my name. I emptied into her ass with a grunt and a sigh.

She was mine again—all mine.

# LETTERS

## SPOTLIGHT ON TRUE CONFESSIONS

## WORLD'S BEST HUSBAND

A man eager to see his wife with other lovers presents his lady with temptations too great to resist.

**By Aaron Cuyper**

I had to get positively Machiavellian in order to get my wife, Darla, into bed with Matthew, a guy from my job. More than that, I had to arrange their hookup so they thought it was actually their idea. I also had to make sure they believed I didn't know anything about it—because I wanted to watch them fuck.

That last was the sweetest—and most selfish—part of it. I loved watching Darla have sex with other men. I had met her in college. One night, before we'd even dated, she came back to the dorm with my roommate. They were shushing each other and giggling. I was in bed, pretending to be asleep. I peeked out from the covers and watched the two of them screw.

It was a fantastic experience. Darla was—and is—a gorgeous dark-haired woman, with full breasts and smooth skin. I watched her with my roommate, who was a slender, tattooed guy. Darla was acrobatic, adventurous and inventive.

As they fucked and sucked on the other side of the room, I silently jerked off under my covers. It was an incredibly exciting episode, better than some of the actual sex I'd had at the time.

After that, I pursued Darla relentlessly. We dated, then started a serious relationship. We fell in love, and marriage followed a few years later. By then we both had good jobs and moved into a nice house.

I never told Darla about watching her that night in the dorm, but the images had never left me.

I wasn't built anything like my wiry former roommate. I was more like a linebacker, with strong limbs and a thick solid musculature. Also, I didn't have any tattoos—and never wanted any. But Darla loved me and certainly found me desirable. We'd had a great sex life our whole marriage. But in our earliest wedded years I began to realize she had a secret hankering for males with a body type completely different from mine—ones that were more like my former dorm-mate.

As I had already observed, Darla was sexually adventuresome. We would watch porn movies together occasionally, just to spice things up. I noticed she got especially hot whenever there was a skinny guy on screen, and if that dude had tattoos, she would blaze with excitement. She loved the look.

**"DARLA RODE HIM WILDLY, IMPALING HERSELF ON HIS COCK AGAIN AND AGAIN."**

Afterward, she would fuck like a dynamo. I was sure she was playing images from the movie in her head, imagining herself screwing the lean, inked-up performer. I found I didn't mind that at all. Jealousy is for teenagers, I've always thought.

So I got it into my head that I wanted to see her in action again. I just needed to find a guy who would get her so excited she wouldn't be able to help herself.

I couldn't just go to Darla and tell her all this. A few times over the years I had subtly tried to approach her with the notion of her having an extramarital lover. But she had backed off the idea immediately, seeming horrified. I'd had to pretend I was just kidding.

We were friends with most of our neighbors, and one night Gail, who lived next door, was throwing a pool party and invited us. Darla and I went, enjoying the festivities. Gail introduced us to her cousin Logan, who was visiting for a couple days. He was an electrician.

Logan was a handsome specimen, but more than that, I could see he was the kind of trim taut male that piqued Darla's sexual interest. I caught the gleam in her eye as we all chatted. Later, Logan stripped down to swimming trunks and swam in the pool under the summer stars.

Darla stood at the edge of the water, fairly gawking at the slim, athletically built man whose body just happened to be rife with—you guessed it—tattoos. I hid a grin as Darla trembled visibly with desire.

Before we left the party, I pulled Logan aside. I had already mentally concocted my scheme. He told me he would be glad to come over to our place tomorrow afternoon to look at the wiring in the bedroom.

On our way home, I casually mentioned tomorrow's appointment to Darla. I would be at work, and she wouldn't. Would she mind letting Logan in?

The hardest part was sneaking back into the house the next day and hiding myself in the cramped closet. I felt almost like a burglar. It was a long wait, but the anticipation built in me. I could see out through the closed door's tiny slats into our bedroom.

Logan came in with a toolbox, and Darla followed. Inside of ten minutes he'd fixed the minor outlet issue I'd caused myself that morning. Darla tried to pay him the fee I'd offered the previous night, but he smiled dismissively and shook his head, telling her it was nothing.

From my vantage I could see the lust on Darla's lovely face. I could also see she was a bit torn about making a move on him, which I put down to her instincts toward fidelity. Although she was fiercely attracted to this man, she didn't want to hurt me. I couldn't explain to her that screwing him would be the opposite of causing me hurt!

Logan was subtly responding to her obvious interest, but he, too, was a little reluctant. I watched them circling each other for several minutes. I wanted them to get on with it so badly I could've screamed. But I bit my lip and stayed silent. I would be patient.

She asked him about his tattoos, and he started telling her about them. He rolled up a sleeve to show her one, then tugged the shirt off his shoulder to display another. Darla's eyes got bigger and bigger. Suddenly, she lunged toward him and started pulling off the rest of his clothes.

Logan was startled, but he was too turned on to stop her. Darla stripped him naked. Her shivering hands touched his inked skin, caressing his slender physique. His cock stood out, bold and hard. Darla then dropped her clothes, as well.

They moved together onto the bed. She jerked his cock while he fingered her glistening pussy. Shuddering with excitement myself, I silently drew out my throbbing meat and started jacking.

I enjoyed the sight of the two of them kissing fiercely. Logan sucked on her luscious tits, then worked his way down until his face was between her legs. Darla groaned and growled as he ate her, rocking her hips and mashing her pussy against his mouth.

As she took his cock into her mouth, I worked my straining rod harder. Sweat flowed down my body beneath my clothes. Excitement of primeval strength thrummed in me. Darla sucked Logan's

# LETTERS

## ↘ SPOTLIGHT ON TRUE CONFESSIONS

cock down to his balls as he moaned with pleasure.

When they started fucking, I had to struggle to remain absolutely quiet.

Darla rode him wildly, impaling herself on his cock again and again, while he thrust up into her. Her hands continued to roam over his lean, tattoo-riddled flesh. Logan groped her tits, and Darla tossed back her head and cried out with orgasmic glee.

I almost shot my load right there, but I hung on long enough to watch Logan maneuver her onto her back, then pound into her madly. His skinny body flexed, and his staff plowed her deep. As she went into another climactic frenzy, he whipped his cock out of her pussy and sprayed his cream all over her gorgeous, heaving body.

That sight made me come like a fiend, pasting the inside of the closet door with my joyful jets of cream. Afterward, I wanted to collapse. But I had to delay my escape until the two of them left the bedroom, both looking contrite. I slipped out of the house and didn't return until my usual time.

The next day Darla gave me a surprise gift. It was a coffee mug with "World's Best Husband" on it. I kissed her, knowing why she'd gotten it for me—and also aware of just how great a husband I was, more so than my wife even knew.

**"HE WHIPPED HIS COCK OUT OF HER PUSSY AND SPRAYED HIS CREAM ALL OVER HER."**

Obviously, I couldn't make arrangements like that very often. In fact, it had been several years now since Logan. I desperately wanted to make something like that happen again. But I faced the same old obstacles.

Then Matthew came to work in my office.

He had the right physique, slim without being scrawny. He looked like he played sports. On a casual Friday, I detected a hint of tattoo under his shirt collar. But I was his boss. I couldn't just ask if he had tats, and if so, how many.

But I could ask him to racquetball. We played several rounds, then hit the showers. Bingo. He had some nice ink on him, the sort of stuff that would drive Darla crazy with lust. He also had a robust cock on him. He actually caught me looking at his junk in the showers. I shrugged, and he just chuckled.

A month-long campaign followed, where I brought Matthew into my and Darla's personal life. Matthew was single but very friendly. He was also good at his job, so it wasn't weird when I gave him important assignments.

I could see Darla growing enamored of him. One Saturday afternoon, I was building a barbecue pit in the backyard. Matthew came over and helped. We stripped to our waists in the heat. I saw Darla standing just inside the house, watching us. Well, watching him. She could see his tattoos. That night in bed she rode my cock like a woman possessed, but I knew where her thoughts were.

It had been ages since I'd even furtively suggested to Darla that she fuck another man. I had never said anything risqué about my wife to Matthew. I relied on Darla's natural attractiveness to draw him in.

That seemed to be working as he continued to socialize with us. I had mastered the art of catching guys looking at Darla when they didn't think I was aware. I saw the fraught glances from him, and the ones she returned. Soon their eyes met, and they started trading little smiles full of promise.

It was time to set this affair into serious motion.

I had a weekend-long business conference coming up. I made sure Darla knew about it well ahead of time. Naturally, Matthew was aware of it, too. He was actually going to be standing in for me at the office, keeping an eye on our division. I had high hopes he would be standing in for me in my bedroom, as well.

During this time I didn't neglect Darla

in any way. We went out to dinner, made love and enjoyed each other's company in that comfortable married way. I cherished my moments with her. I certainly wasn't trying to pre-guilt her with these activities ahead of what she and Matthew might do. I don't behave that way. I just wanted to make sure she knew how much I cared about her. After all, I wasn't trying to get her to leave me for Matthew. I just wanted her to fuck him.

And I wanted to watch her do it. Oh, how I wanted that.

But I meant to give myself an extra treat this time. With Logan, I had hidden in the closet. That had been very awkward, despite how exciting the event had been. I didn't want to be crouching in there a second time, having to be absolutely silent, even while jerking myself off.

The company I worked for manufactured pricey electronics gear. I had access to lots of tiny high-tech cameras. Just before I was to fly out for the conference, I wired up our bedroom. I had angles on the whole scene. If they chose to fuck somewhere else, I was out of luck. Or they might decide not to fuck at all. I sincerely hoped neither of these scenarios would happen.

I flew out for the conference on Saturday morning. That afternoon, two states away, I did the business I needed to do for my company. In the evening, I retreated to my room. I'd been put up in luxury.

Using the huge bed as a table, I spread out the equipment I'd brought along. I fired up my laptop's screen. The pictures had hi-def clarity. I was linked by the internet to my bedroom back home. It felt strange to be peering into it from so remote a distance, but the stuff my company made was practically superspy gear.

I clicked back through the continuous recordings and saw that Darla hadn't been in the room since the morning, except once to change. She had put on a sexy black dress and heels. That boded well, I thought with a smile.

Once again I waited. The anticipation was fraught with simmering erotic energy. I entered a Zen state of excitement. My cock swelled, and my flesh rippled with growing need.

Finally, she came into the room. She was alone. I beat my fist twice against my meaty thigh, then stopped abruptly as Matthew entered behind her.

I sat up sharply. In one hand I had the camera controls. I flicked from one view to the next, catching my wife and Matthew from all the angles I'd arranged. She was still in the black dress—but her lipstick was smeared! They'd kissed! Probably downstairs. Maybe they'd gone out somewhere beforehand. He looked a little skittish, but he was obviously excited. If I could see the bulge in his pants, so could Darla.

She turned toward him. With a sensual little shrug, she slipped the dress straps off her shoulders. The garment pooled at her feet, revealing the silky lingerie she wore underneath—and then she removed those enticing layers as well, only keeping on black high heels and thigh-high stockings. What a beauty!

Next it was Matthew's turn. I had audio as well as visual. I heard him stammering—and Darla's purring encouragements as she told him to take off his clothes.

I was wearing only a hotel robe at that point. Flinging the garment aside, I lay naked on the roomy bed. My cock was as hard as mahogany. I wrapped my free hand around it, feeling my shaft pulsing insistently.

Finally, Matthew shed his clothing. I zoomed in on Darla's face as his tats were revealed. She lit up like a slot machine that'd hit the jackpot, her eyes bright, whirling and big. I checked out what she was looking at, the map of ink I'd already spied in the locker room. One difference from that day: This time Matthew was sporting a very healthy hard-on.

Instead of climbing onto the bed, Darla closed the distance between them. They kissed, sharing a tongue-wriggling lip-lock. Then she started smooching her way down his slim body, pausing to lay her lips on every tattoo. Soon she was on her knees, with that good-looking cock of his bobbing before her face.

I stroked myself slowly as she grasped

**"I GOT A NICELY FRAMED SHOT OF HIS STAFF SLIDING IN AND OUT OF DARLA'S PUSSY."**

his balls. She rolled his nutsac on her fingers for a moment while he moaned. Then her lipstick-smeared mouth moved toward his waiting cockhead. She licked up his drizzle of pre-come, made a savoring sound, then closed her lips around his knob and began sucking in his vein-lined shaft.

Darla is a champion cocksucker, so I knew all the eel-tongued, suctioning pleasures Matthew was experiencing. It was written on his face, too, as his eyes rolled up and his mouth went slack.

In one straight steady lunge, Darla swallowed his staff down to the hilt. His cockhead had to be throbbing in her throat by now. Darla played with his balls some more, then she lifted and dropped her mouth down on the rampant shaft.

"Yeah," I said, pulling on my own meat. "Suck that cock, baby!"

It was such a gorgeous sight to me. The sucking ring of her lips rode up and down my coworker's rod. Blindly, Matthew's hands landed on her head. His fingers wound into her dark hair. As if helpless, his hips started to jerk. Darla encouraged it, taking a handful of his ass and pulling him toward her aggressively.

"Yes!" I said out loud in my empty room. "Fuck her face!"

I checked out the different views, appreciating the full beauty of the act. I even looked at a rear shot of Matthew's taut, almost girlish ass as it bunched with his every forward thrust.

Darla pulled her mouth off him before he could shoot. Panting, she at last climbed onto the bed and spread her thighs. Her pussy gleamed with needy wetness. Matthew didn't need to be told she required his mouth. He scampered right to it.

But I told him anyway: "Yeah, get in there and lick that sweet pussy! Put your tongue deep inside her!"

I clicked to the best close-up view. Her stocking-clad legs rubbed his ribs, which were visible against his skin. Then her knees clamped his sides as he drew his tongue up her dripping slit. I knew the nectar-like taste of my wife's cunt and hoped he was enjoying it as much as I always had.

He sure looked like he was loving the flavor of her. The sophisticated audio caught his slurping sounds, as well as his grunts of pleasure. Darla's moans and mewls came through crystal clear, too.

Her lovely body flexed, and her hips pumped. She pushed her pussy against his face, smearing her wetness all over his chin and cheeks. I saw his tongue drilling her. Darla suddenly did a half-jackknife and grabbed hold of his hair. I knew he'd just homed in on her clit.

She humped his face hard as he continued to work her sensitive bud. I recognized her responses, and I watched a mighty climax overtake her. Her skin flushed, and a vein stood out on her forehead. She let loose a warrior's cry of victory and flooded Matthew's face with her juice, while I yanked harder on my cock.

He came up gasping from between my wife's legs. He looked delirious with pleasure, like he couldn't believe what was happening. Darla wore a similar expression of joy. I was ecstatic for her.

She stayed on her back and motioned him up on top of her. He scrambled into place. Before slotting his cock into her welcoming body, Darla licked his glazed face. I loved it when she did that with me. Finally, she was ready to have her gangly, tattooed lover's dick in her pussy.

When Matthew plunged his cock into her, I was again compelled to offer instruction. "Fuck her hard! Fuck her deep! Make her come again!" I said to the screen. I grinned, relishing the freedom this comfortable remote location gave me. And of course, my toys were recording these incredible moments, so I could watch them over and over again.

Matthew started off stroking into her slowly. I got a nicely framed shot of his staff sliding in and out of Darla's flowing

pussy. She called out for him to go faster, writhing underneath him. When he picked up the tempo, she wrapped her stockinged legs around his waist and linked her hands behind his neck. Her shoes dug into his back.

He fucked her harder still, their bodies bouncing on the bed. Once again I observed the bliss etched on my beautiful wife's features. Her mouth opened on another piercing cry. She clung to him as her climax wracked her whole body.

After the wave of pleasure had released her, she collapsed back onto the mattress. Matthew paused to regroup, and Darla used the lull to flip over. She rested her weight on her elbows and thrust her ass high in the air.

Grinning, Matthew moved in for the doggy-style finale. I babbled more heartfelt obscenities at them, cheering them on from afar. He gripped her waist and fucked her pussy from behind. There was no slow stroking this time. He hammered into her. I heard every incredible slapping sound as their bodies repeatedly crashed together– heard every grunt and groan.

Darla's dark-haired head whipped from side to side. Her ass quivered as Matthew slammed into her again and again. As I jerked feverishly on my cock, I saw Matthew pass the point of no return. His teeth bared, and his tight muscles clenched as he surrendered to the inevitable. Darla cried out once more. At the last second he pulled out and rained his come all over her ass and back.

I geysered at the sight and let the sticky gobs of white spatter my stomach and thighs. It was one of the most fantastic sexual experiences of my life.

I hit a gift shop when the conference was over and picked up something for Darla. Hopefully, one day she would understand that she could fuck other men right in front of me.

Until then,, she's got the mug I gave her that says "World's Best Wife."

# DOUBLE TROUBLE

WILD WIFE TARA NEEDS TWO HORNY HUNKS
TO SATISFY HER CARNAL CRAVINGS.

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# LETTER OF THE MONTH

## THE SPIRIT OF GIVING

A married couple unwraps erotic pleasures with a group of randy revelers.

Some people say marriage changes everything. I'm not sure I believe that, really. But it seems to have changed me and my wife a whole lot. We'd lived together for 10 years—since she was 22 and I was 34—before getting married three years ago. It was high time, we'd thought. But, once the vows were spoken and the honeymoon was over, our libidos seemed to shift.

Just months into our married life, I began having fantasies about Sylvia being fucked by other men. This was something entirely new to me, and it unnerved me more than a little. Sylvia's a gorgeous woman—a dark-haired beauty of Italian heritage, with the tempting voluptuousness of Elizabeth Taylor in her prime. She has smooth tan skin, ripe breasts and a firm ass. She'd always turned men's heads. We used to laugh about it: Ah, Syl's making the boys gaga again. But after the wedding, when men came on to her, I would get really turned on.

Sylvia would giggle a little and blush—whereas before she would have rolled her eyes and ignored the flirtations. Now she sometimes flirted back!

Neither of us had slept around much before we'd met. Of course, considering the difference in our ages, I'd had more sexual experience than she before we fell for each other. But we both had practiced serial monogamy, more or less, during our young lives. Now, though, I felt a pang of something slightly distressing in my stomach, even as something stirred in my groin. It was only a matter of time before we had a talk about what was happening. That led to some sexy role-playing and naughty talk about the responses she was provoking in other men—and me.

Maybe it was just a coincidence that—at the same time we were having these feelings—this cultural thing known as "hotwife" syndrome began to erupt everywhere. Suddenly, the practice of men getting off on having their wives pursued, seduced and—ultimately—plowed by other guys was an actual thing. About a year ago, we found ourselves talking about making such a fantasy a reality.

We looked online for guys who might be interested in helping us out. We weren't remotely prepared for the number of responses we received. Eventually, we began corresponding with a man in New York City named Miles, who seemed like a good possibility. He had had some experience with swinging and the hotwife scene before, so he seemed like a good candidate.

**"HE BROUGHT THE PANTIES TO HIS FACE, INHALING THE SCENT OF MY WIFE'S CUNT."**

We agreed to meet mid-December in the big city. Sylvia loves Christmas shopping in Manhattan, so we figured we would make it a three-day weekend—get a hotel near Times Square, enjoy good restaurants and all the trimmings. We even made plans to see a Broadway musical. (No luck securing "Hamilton" tickets, but we found another show we both thought sounded pretty good.)

In the weeks preceding our hotwife weekend with Miles, anticipation left us almost nonfunctional at times. I would describe in exquisite detail what I wanted to happen after we brought Miles back to our hotel. Sylvia would listen to my pervy ramblings while jamming her large, buzzing vibrator in and out of her cunt and moaning frantically.

But then we got bad news. Just days before the scheduled weekend, Miles emailed us to say there had been a family emergency. He needed to fly to California immediately. To say we were disappointed was a huge understatement. Miles assured us that he was definitely interested in playing at some later date, but we still felt deflated. However, as we had the theater tickets and a hotel reservation, we decided to go ahead with the weekend and make the best of it.

"Who knows?" I said. "Maybe somebody else will come along."

Neither of us thought that was at all likely. But I did quietly do some research online about places in Manhattan where we might encounter eager libertines.

When we left our hotel for our shopping excursion that Saturday, we noticed that there were hordes of people—mostly college-age or slightly older—roaming the streets in Santa Claus costumes or other holiday getups. Some of the sidewalks near Rockefeller Center were crimson with these posses of rowdy overage kids—shouting, joking and horsing around. Most of the guys, and some of the girls, wore Santa suits (or at least Santa hats), but there were also contingents of rambunctious elves and squealing female reindeer complete with antlers and perky little tails. Plenty of the young women exposed their toned legs to the frigid air, and they were as sexy as hell. They were certainly getting a lot of attention from the guys, who seemed to grow a little freer

with their hands as the hours passed, as they no doubt downed another beer or chugged another eggnog at every venue they visited.

"It's SantaCon," the hotel concierge told us in the afternoon. "Happens every year—a big, citywide pub crawl. Lots of noise, tons of drinking. Watch out for puddles of barf."

That night, as we walked from a fine Italian restaurant to the theater, we pushed our way through a tangle of crimson partiers. It was then I noticed the heads of some of the young male Santas turning Sylvia's way. And why wouldn't they? She was dressed to the nines, wearing a rich-looking white faux fur over her slinkiest, sexiest black dress and black fishnet thigh-highs. Her hair and makeup were flawless—she'd given her eyes the Cleopatra treatment, which made her look even more like a robust Liz Taylor. I was looking forward to fucking her silly later that evening.

"Some of those Clauses like your goodies," I teased her.

"I hadn't noticed," she said. But her smile told me she was fibbing.

"Ten seconds ago we passed a Grinch who stared right at your tits."

"Really, David?" she said with mock innocence. "The Grinch should have stolen a little Christmas from me." She said it so suggestively that my pulse raced and my dick twitched.

After the show that night, we strolled through the Hell's Kitchen neighborhood. I'd read online about a bar in that nabe that catered to a young, "sex-positive" crowd.

Walking west toward the Hudson River, we eventually found the place. It was a bustling but not too crowded establishment. We stepped inside, where a gal near the bar was dressed like a snow-woman and was playing a samba version of "White Christmas" on a portable keyboard. A small group of 20-something SantaCon celebrants gathered around the pool table in the back. We found a small booth nearby that had just been vacated. No sooner had a guy come to clear our table than a tall waitress in reindeer antlers appeared, bringing us complimentary shots of cinnamon schnapps.

"This'll take the shiver off," she said. "I'm Prancer, How are you two doing tonight?"

Soon we were doing very well indeed. Prancer was right about the schnapps. It did warm us up. Before long, Sylvia and I felt like we were finally unwinding after an enjoyable but hectic day.

Prancer was razzing the three young men and one young woman who were playing pool. They seemed to know her well. These revelers weren't rowdy like some of the others we'd seen. They were jovial and a little buzzed but not blotto. Soon the gal and one of the guys came over to our booth, where we were telling Prancer about our day.

"Prancer, you cheeky reindeer!" the guy said. "There you go again. Flirting with somebody outside your species. Santa is very disappointed."

The guy's friend—a short, trim, ginger-haired female elf—stood on tiptoes to kiss Prancer on the cheek.

"He's right. No bestiality tonight!" the elf scolded the reindeer. Then she looked at Sylvia and me. "Unless these pervy humans are into that, of course. The redhead grabbed Sylvia's hand and shook it. "Hey, there. I'm Jennifer. This is Jonathan. Okay, if we share your booth?"

Before we could say "yea" or "nay" (and we would have said "yea"), they had pushed in beside us—Jennifer next to me and Jonathan alongside Sylvia. He was tall, thin, brown-skinned, hirsute and quite handsome. Later in the evening, he would tell us he was half Ethiopian and half Israeli-American. He had a sly smile and a cool, edgy look.

Innuendoes flew as the holiday spirits continued to flow. Eventually, the two other pool players joined us, making for an even tighter squeeze in the booth. Bret was a skinny, quiet, slightly awkward Santa, with a scruffy face. Will was a short, stocky Asian-American man,

# LETTER OF THE MONTH

in a full red Santa suit, complete with a white beard.

Was I just imagining—or fantasizing—that these people were interested in trading something more than bawdy wisecracks? Jonathan was certainly not shy about having his body pushed up close against Sylvia's. And Jennifer flirted shamelessly with the Santas—and me.

At one point, Jennifer and Sylvia went to the ladies' room.

"So, is Jennifer a girlfriend of one of you guys?" I asked.

"'Girlfriend' is maybe not the right expression," Jonathan responded.

"I'm old and married and out of the loop," I told him. "So, what is the right expression for her?"

"I'd say 'partner in crime,'" Will ventured.

"Wingwoman," Jonathan added.

I looked at Bret, whose reply was: "Let's just say…she's someone we all know very well."

"You guys are very lucky," I told them.

"Us? Are you kidding?" Jonathan beamed. "You're the man. I mean, what a hot wife, dude!"

Yes, he actually said those words. "Hot wife." Hotwife? Was it deliberate?

"Listen," I said. "Do you guys spell 'hot wife' as one word or two? Because from what I've read, when it's spelled as one word, it has a special meaning."

"You're right," said Jonathan, a devilish look on his face. "I believe I would spell it as one word." Will wore a shit-eating grin. And Bret looked down at the table, suppressing a shy smile.

I grew bold. "Listen, fellas. If the ladies are up for it, what would you say to joining us for more fun and drinks back at our hotel?

Silence. Finally, Will asked, "Are you shitting us?"

"Most definitely not."

At that moment Sylvia and Jenny came back to the table, both giggling.

"Hey, Santas!" said Sylvia. "What would you think about going back to our hotel room for some private holiday cheer?"

"I'd say 'Ho-ho-ho,'" quipped William.

Sylvia laughed. "I'll take that as a yes."

Arriving at our room, everyone piled onto the queen-size bed, except me. I took a seat on a chair near the small desk and faced them all. I had managed, during the walk back to our hotel, to establish some guidelines for the boys. As Sylvia and Jennifer walked ahead, the three Santas and me hung back, establishing ground rules for the encounter to come. (I had hoped Prancer might join in the fun, but her shift didn't end till later—and besides, the guys told me she had a serious boyfriend and wasn't into fucking around.)

The boys were expected to play safely and respectfully, and to honor any veto Sylvia might voice. But they were also expected to listen to my requests. I would essentially be directing them in a live sex show.

As the group cuddled and stroked each other, I kicked the action into overdrive.

"Jonathan," I said. "Please kiss Sylvia on her mouth." He draped his body over Jennifer, who was nuzzling my wife. He began French-kissing Sylvia slowly but with confidence.

"Elf, remove her panties, please."

Jennifer moved to the foot of the bed, then scooted up so she could reach beneath Sylvia's dress—pulling off my wife's skimpy, lacy bikinis. She held them aloft. "What should I do with them?"

"Who wants them?" I asked.

Will and Bret both reached for them. But Will was faster than his friend and was soon clutching the moist lace. He brought the panties to his face, inhaling the heavenly scent of my wife's cunt.

"That leaves you free to lick her pussy, Bret," I said.

"Ha!" he barked at Will, having lost out on the panties but gotten the better part of the deal. He took Jennifer's place between Sylvia's legs and quickly buried his head beneath her dress. I knew the sweet taste he was savoring as he fed on her juicy hole and sensitive clit.

"How's he doing, Syl?"

Jonathan's mouth on hers allowed her only a garbled response—a very enthusiastic "Uhmm."

Jennifer sat at the foot of the bed. I wasn't sure what Sylvia had told her during the walk to the hotel, and I

**"IN SECONDS HE WAS PUMPING AWAY MISSIONARY-STYLE, GRUNTING AND MOANING."**

wondered what she thought her part would be in the unfolding adventure.

"Sylvia?" I asked. She broke away from Jonathan's mouth for a second. She was breathing heavily from Bret's ministrations between her legs.

"Yes, David."

"What would you like Jennifer to do right now?"

"I'd like her to be a good Santa's helper and get these guys naked," she responded.

Jennifer complied. She began unbuckling Jonathan's belt. Soon she had his pants and briefs pulled down to his ankles, revealing an erect, circumcised penis.

Will was now standing beside the bed, and Jennifer joined him, helping him strip off his clothes. She yanked his scarlet Santa pants to the floor. Underneath he wore a pair of long thermal underwear, which made her giggle. Impatient, Will stripped off the rest of his clothes. He had a tubby, smooth belly, but the rest of him was muscular, and his uncut dick was at full staff, looking like a meaty prong.

Before you could say, "God bless us, every one," Will and Jonathan had helped Jennifer strip and had pulled off Bret's pants and shirt, too. Then they were all back on the bed, clustered around Sylvia, whose head was propped up by a mountain of pillows. But Bret, who was again lying on his belly with his face and tongue pressed to Sylvia's vulva, still wore his tighty-whities.

"Elf!" I said. "One Santa still has his undershorts!"

Jennifer stood at the foot of the bed and tried to yank down Bret's briefs, but he held on to the elastic.

"Bret…" I said rather sternly.

He turned his head my way and gave me a sheepish smile. "Yeah?"

"Is there a problem?"

"No."

"You do want to make love to my wife, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then lose the shorts."

"Okay. I'm a little shy is all." He chortled nervously. "My ass is kind of hairy."

The other guys laughed. But Bret then let Jennifer resume her de-briefing.

"You're right. Your ass is hairy," I said, to more laughs. "Roll over, and show us what you're working with."

Slowly—hesitantly—he did as I'd instructed. He had a fairly small, circumcised prick, but it was fully engorged and granite-hard—and Sylvia would love it just fine.

"You have nothing to be shy about," I told him. I took a condom from a box on the desk and tossed it to him. "Hold on to that. You'll need it in a minute."

"Thanks."

"Jonathan and Will—please remove my wife's dress," I said. "And be careful. It's one of her favorites. Mine, too."

Sylvia got on all fours, and Jonathan unzipped the back of her dress, and then he and Will pulled the loosened garment from her body. She was now nude but for her sexy stockings and lacy brassiere. Will caressed her bare ass and slapped it playfully. He seemed to be contemplating whether he should slip a finger up her butthole.

I directed Jonathan and Will to kneel on either side of Sylvia's face so she could suck their dicks. Jonathan's hard-on was beginning to drool pre-come, which Sylvia lapped up. I could no longer allow my own erection to stay imprisoned. Down went my pants and out sprang my boner. I began tugging on it, keeping my eyes on the orgy in front of me.

"Elf, will you unwrap Sylvia's breasts for the Santas, please?"

Jennifer giggled and worked her way into the flesh pile to unfasten and remove Sylvia's bra. My wife's dark stockings remained, however. As the boys continued to enjoy having their dicks licked and sucked, they played with Sylvia's large, dark nipples—pinching and tweaking them.

"How are you doing, baby?" I asked.

"What do you think?" she said to me cheekily. Then she uttered, "Elf Jennifer, come back over here for a second. I want to tell you something."

The elf scrambled up near Sylvia's face, pushing aside Jonathan and Will's

# LETTER OF THE MONTH

erect penises so that Sylvia could whisper in her ear. Jennifer then got off the bed, moving over to where I was sitting. She knelt on the floor and pulled off my shoes and then the tangle of pants and underwear that had been bunched around my ankles. Her mouth then went straight for my smooth-shaven ball sac, which she began to lick and kiss. Now I was ready for the main event to begin. Jennifer's soft elf lips made my hard-on stiffen further as I contemplated what was coming next in our impromptu sex show.

"Bret," I said. "Please gift-wrap your dick and fuck my wife."

He fumbled with the condom for a moment or two, but soon he had wrapped his package with care. He pushed open Sylvia's legs and thrust his rod toward her dripping vagina. In seconds he was pumping away missionary-style, grunting and moaning.

"How's he doing, Syl?" I asked.

She answered with a sort of faraway sigh that made us all laugh. It occurred to me at that moment that this was the first time in many years that a man other than I had thrust his organ into her. I celebrated the moment. Jennifer's small, sweet tongue, meanwhile, had moved to my cock. Soon she was sucking my shaft deep, letting it plunge back toward her throat.

After several minutes of pumping, Bret gave a surprisingly loud moan as he shot off inside Sylvia's pussy. His hairy body was drenched with sweat as he slowly pulled away from her. I now tossed condoms to Jonathan and Will.

"Who's next?" I said.

**"JONATHAN LAY BACK AS SYLVIA EDGED HER PUSSY DOWN ONTO HIS BIG PRICK."**

Will proceeded to plow Sylvia doggy-style, which didn't surprise me, as he clearly had a thing for her full, firm ass. His round jelly belly bounced against her buttocks as he took her from behind.

I wasn't sure how he and Jonathan would feel about double-penetrating Sylvia, but I eventually gave them the direction, and they went for it. Jonathan lay on his back as Sylvia edged her pussy down onto his big, dark prick—which was at least eight inches long and thick, too. Will strapped on a new condom, took the bottle of lube I offered and happily went for her tight butthole. Nobody spoke much, but the room was filled with the sounds of squishing and slapping, along with eager grunts and whispered obscenities. The guys moved faster until both shot their loads. Sylvia started coming—pushed over the edge by Jonathan's final thrust. Afterward, the Santas all lay back to watch Elf Jennifer suck me to completion, while Sylvia munched her new gal pal's elven twat to orgasm. Sylvia later told me how turned on she was by the flame-colored pubic hair around Jennifer's cute puss—as bright as the ginger tresses on her head.

So that was our first hotwife orgy. During the past year we've kept in touch by email with Jonathan. And we've decided to make the Manhattan Christmas fuckfest a holiday tradition. Jonathan has alerted Will, Bret and Jennifer that we'll again be in town for SantaCon this December.

Also, throughout the year, Syl and I have also been lucky enough to meet and play with our online friend Miles, and I think he'll fit in well with the others. To top things off, Jonathan just wrote to tell me the gorgeous Prancer recently broke up with her boyfriend. No guarantees as to whether this means she'll join in this year's festivities, but some reindeer games would certainly be at the top of our holiday wish list!

**–D.G., via email**

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# LETTERS

## WIVES GONE WILD

### YOUNG WIVES' TAILS

I had married young, but I was still in love with my husband, Roger. However, some sort of marital panic was starting to set in. So I put out a call to Carla, who'd been my best friend forever. She'd wed at the same age as me. I needed to find out if she was having similar feelings.

We met at an outdoor café and had afternoon tea, all very civilized and grownup. Carla is a gorgeous woman, with a model's features and a swimmer's body. Bob, her husband, was lucky to have married her.

I started cautiously feeling her out about her marriage. But Carla was too sharp and knew me too well.

"Baby," she said, reaching across the table to take my hand, "what's wrong? Is it you and Roger?"

The smile felt strained on my face. "It's more me and me. Roger's great. He's attentive, kind, honest. But lately..." I shrugged. "He's the last man I'm ever going to have sex with. I wonder if I should've, y'know, done more guys before I married him. Do you ever feel that way?"

There it was. I'd said it. I wouldn't have confided in anyone else, but Carla was special. We'd seen each other through lots of highs and lows.

She was still holding my hand. A wistful look came over her lovely face. "Do I wish I'd sown more wild oats before becoming a bride? Or even just one more oat?" Her words trailed off.

She looked down into her teacup and said, "I'm in the mood for something stronger than this. Let's go back to my place and have some wine. Bob's away on business."

Wine sounded good. She poured it for us in her living room. She and Bob had a nice place, just like me and Roger. On paper, we had both married smart. So, what was wrong?

Thoughtfully, Carla said, "I was thinking about all the men I know you slept with before even meeting Roger. It's a perfectly respectable number. I got around, too, before Bob. Remember that one guy we traded back and forth during the summer after our sophomore year in college?"

How could I have forgotten! We both laughed about our adventures. There had been other wild times, and Carla had always been around for them. We were sitting together on the plush couch. This time, I took her hand and squeezed it softly.

Then, in a rush, an old memory returned to me. I recalled being in Carla's dorm, talking into the wee hours. We'd been relaxing together on her bed, best buds snuggling up. But I had felt a stirring. I'd pressed against her, intrigued by her taut body in a way that titillated my senses. We giggled and talked about all sorts of things, but it felt for a while like we were circling toward a more sensual event. I remembered vividly how I'd thought about kissing her. Not some playful kiss, either, but one on the mouth, full of passion. I hadn't been able to imagine what might have happened after that.

But the moment had passed. Had I repressed that erotic memory all these years?

When I blinked back to the present, I found Carla gazing deeply at me. She'd set down her glass. She reached up and trailed her fingertips delicately over my cheek. In a trembling voice she said, "Let me tell you the total truth, baby. I love Bob. But there is one thing, and one thing only, that man can't be for me."

I shivered. The moment was suddenly fraught, brimming on the brink of something fabulous. Carla leaned forward and brought her lips to mine. Her kiss was gentle but meaningful. I felt the need pulsing behind it.

She pulled back and said, "Bob can't be you."

I lunged forward and cupped her sweet face in my hands, and that kiss of long ago—the kiss that had never happened—erupted into the present moment. I pressed my lips hard against hers. Carla released a mewl of surprise,

and then she was kissing me back.

Our lip-lock turned ferocious and shameless. We weren't two friends expressing dainty affection. I was making out with her! And it felt so unbelievably good. Our lips parted, and our tongues met, hers slithering over mine. I groaned into her open mouth, determined to lick her tonsils if I could.

She pulled me into her arms, and I clasped her tightly to me, feeling all the firm tension lacing her body, which was as taut as it had always been. I was awakening to its true beauty–becoming wholly aware of the desirability of this woman, not in any abstract way, but with a true erotic appreciation.

Lust flared through me as we continued to kiss, mouths grinding. But my hands were roaming over her body as well. I pressed my palm to her breast, feeling the lush swell of her flesh and her sharp nipple poking through the thin fabric of her blouse. She was reaching around to grope my ass, and as her fingers sank into my flesh, I cried out in rapture.

My clothes felt ridiculous–and so very much in the way. Heat poured from me, and the room seemed to swim. We raked our clothing off one another other. Skirts and tops and panties went flying every which way. Naturally, I had seen Carla naked before, but never in circumstances like these. My blazing eyes feasted on the lavish terrain of her bare skin, those swelling tits, her drum-tight physique.

Looking at the shaven cleft of her damp pussy, my mouth actually watered. I had to taste her!

Carla sank back into the sumptuous couch cushions. She spread her toned thighs, and I lay down between them. Desire crackled over every inch of my flesh as my face hovered over her slick entrance. This was the bigger event that had never happened all those nights ago, that opportunity we had somehow missed. I was vastly grateful that it wasn't too late for us after all.

**"LOOKING AT THE SHAVEN CLEFT SOF HER DAMP PUSSY, MY MOUTH ACTUALLY WATERED."**

I put my mouth on my best friend's cunt.

The taste of her sent a jolt of pleasure through me. Every muscle jumped, every synapse rang in my head. Her sharp flavor flowed over my tongue, rousing every taste bud. I wanted more–I wanted to go on tasting her forever.

I summoned all the insight I'd accumulated from having male lovers go down on me and linked that to my womanly awareness of my own body. I applied all that knowledge to eating Carla's pussy. I licked her folds, snaked my tongue inside and stroked her sugar walls. Then I had at her lovely clitoris, orally worshiping that swollen bud.

Carla rocked and bounced on the wide couch. Her hips rolled as she pushed her pussy hard against my face. When she reached down and grabbed two handfuls of my hair to force my face deeper into her snatch, I thought she was going to drown me with her juices. They streamed out of her, and my happy mouth accepted the waves of wetness. She wailed with her climax, the sound of her joy echoing throughout the room.

When I came up, gasping for air, Carla seized me and licked her honey off my cheeks and chin. She frenched me to share the flavor still coating my tongue. Afterward, she pushed me onto my back and worked her way down my body. She paused to suck on each of my tits, nibbling hard on my nipples until I cried out.

She moved into place between my outspread legs. My heart was working at a skittering pace, and every nerve ending was popping in my flesh. I had never done anything sexual with a woman before. But all of a sudden I'd licked pussy and was about to have my cunt eaten! Every cell in my body sang with delirious excitement.

I felt Carla's hot breath on my glistening slit. I watched her tongue come out and trace my slickened folds. Like had happened to me, I saw her jump at the contact, like she couldn't believe the succulent taste of my cunt. She put her mouth fully on me, and I felt her tongue slip into me, teasing and wriggling within me.

I moaned luxuriantly. When Carla went after my clit, my hips started bucking helplessly. I lifted my ass off the cushions and jammed my pussy forcefully against her mouth. She ate me all the harder. Her teeth grazed my throbbing clitoris, and I reached down to clutch her hair. Pleasure blazed over me, erupting from deep within. I poured out my juices and heard Carla's answering slurping sounds. Her tongue continued to wiggle inside me as my climax overtook me.

After I regained my composure, I pulled

# LETTERS

## ↘ WIVES GONE WILD

myself up and cleaned her face with my tongue. My flavor mixed with hers in my mouth. I remembered a guy asking me to lick his fingers after they'd been inside me, but I'd been hesitant. I had no such reluctance now. Carla's chin and cheeks gleamed with my spit before I was done.

But we weren't truly done. Still shivering with arousal, I said, "I want to go cunt to cunt with you."

She grinned. Obviously the idea agreed with her.

My guess was that Carla hadn't ever been with another woman either. This impression strengthened as we fumbled at first, trying to get ourselves into the fabled scissor position. I was sure Carla recalled that night in her dorm. Maybe she even remembered it better than me. Perhaps that missed chance had haunted her. It seemed she'd had feelings for me all along. All the energy and affection I'd lavished on her over the years translated neatly into this shimmering lust that consumed me.

Finally, we reached the right position. We faced each other, leaning back on our hands. Our thighs were intertwined so that our dripping pussies could press flush together. I felt her soft flesh against

**"BRANDON PICKED UP HIS PACE AND REALLY WENT AT ME, SUCKING MY CLIT MADLY."**

me. Our lips touched, and new furious pleasure danced over me.

We pressed harder together, and we both grunted. Our hips moved, and soon we discovered the right rhythm, the necessary motions for maximum joy. We jammed our pussies together, pressing hands into the couch for leverage.

As bliss blazed through me, I gazed ecstatically at Carla. Her tits bounced as she humped against me, and her eyes rolled with growing rapture. She was the missing piece in my life. I would never stop loving Roger, and I would never have sex with another man. But I realized

I couldn't do without Carla. I needed my friend, and I would need her always.

Our wet pussies squelched together as we crushed hard against one another. Our orgasms hit us at nearly the same time. I felt every bit of tension give way inside me as the deepest euphoria unlocked. I watched that same sexual jubilation consume Carla's exquisite body.

Together, we rode that awesome climax, now joined forever as lovers.

I couldn't hide my secret from my husband, though. I confessed every detail to him, and I'd never seen him hotter! We'd fucked like wildcats, and he made me promise that next time Carla and I fucked, he could watch. I agreed–and that's exactly what we did. It was the best of both worlds. My beautiful girlfriend and loving husband in the same room. I'm a very lucky woman..

**–T.K., Louisville, Kentucky**

## HELPING HAND

"I found a new one, baby."

John was grilling; he loved to grill even in the winter, but immediately he put his tongs down and turned to me. "Did you now? Where?"

"He comes in the coffee shop all the time. And he always watches me. And flirts with me."

"Of course he does," John said, pulling me close. His hands settled on my hips for a moment before sliding down to cup my ass. When he pulled me close I could feel his cock was hard already, and I hadn't even finished telling him about my new quarry. "You're the best barista there."

"He orders shaken tea," I added, laughing. "There's no real art to that."

"But there's art to this ass," he said, squeezing my butt.

He glanced at the grill, held up a finger, and proceeded to remove the

steaks and put them on a platter to rest.

We moved inside the screened-in porch to the picnic table. The heater was running full blast, and the grill was cooling outside the door. We were completely shielded from the view of any neighbors. He sat on the bench and patted his lap. "Come tell me."

I went to him and sat on his lap so my back was to his chest. He wrapped his arms around my middle, and I started to talk.

"He's tall and thin, like a basketball player. He has a deep voice, and his hair is buzzed so short it's almost not there…"

John raised his hips to press his hard-on against my ass, and I sighed.

"He finally asked me out," I went on. "And I told him I was married. Then I explained our arrangement. I like to get fucked; you like to watch me get fucked, and all that."

John gave a little thrust from beneath me, and my juices started to seriously soak my panties. It was surprising how much warmth the space heater was giving off, and it was amazing how much heat I was starting to feel inside.

"He said he'd like to join us." John kissed the back of my neck, making me shiver. "He also said he'd like you to be involved somehow."

"How?" he asked. Threesomes weren't his thing. I knew that already.

"Not actually fucking me. But being involved more than watching from the corner."

He'd grown still. That told me he was seriously considering my words. "We'll see. When he comes here and explains, then I'll say yes or no."

I'd anticipated John's reaction and had pretty much said exactly the same thing to Brandon.

"Deal," I responded.

"Good. Now, take off your pants and turn around," he said.

As I stood and obeyed, he opened his jeans and shoved them down his legs to free his hard cock. I pulled my pants down and off, but my long sweater fell to the tops of my thighs, giving me the appearance of being dressed. I faced him and straddled his hips, sinking down on his hard rod. It was utter bliss.

John kissed me, resting his hands on my hips as I rode him. He thrust up from beneath me and slammed into the most tender places inside me.

"You're going to fuck him, and I'm going to watch—and it's going to be as hot as hell," he growled in my ear, nipping at my lobe so sharply I yelped.

My pussy clenched from that spark of pain, and I felt myself sliding even closer to orgasm.

"He's going to use that pussy, and when he's all done, I'm going to remind you who it really belongs to, love."

I couldn't help it—I came.

John laughed softly and held my hips so that he could drive up under me fast and hard. He came with a grunt, and then kissed me once more.

"Let's go eat while things are still hot."

With us, things were always hot.

Brandon came over on the appointed night, and he and John shook hands. For me, that's always the oddest part. The "Nice to meet you. I'm here to fuck your wife."

I'll be honest—it always makes me a giggle a little.

The three of us headed to the basement rec room, where we like to entertain. We purposely keep guests out of our bedroom.

The futon was already made up with some sheets and pillows.

"I'm told you'd like me to be involved," John said.

Brandon had already taken off his tee and was yanking down his jeans.

"That's right. I'd like you to be touching her. Just her, if that's your worry…"

"I usually just watch."

# LETTERS

## ↘ WIVES GONE WILD

"I know what you normally do," Brandon said with a smile. "Thought maybe we could mix things up a little."

By that point, Brandon was utterly naked, and I liked what I was seeing.

"I'd like you to hold your wife's while I screw her."

John nodded. "I can do that."

My husband kicked off his shoes but kept his clothes on. He climbed to the head of the futon and rested his back against the wall. I stripped down to nothing and then reclined, my back to his chest, my ass pressing against his crotch. He was basically a human chair supporting me. I shivered, realizing he'd be touching me the whole time. This was a first for us.

"Now I'd like you to hold your wife's thighs wide while I eat her pussy," Brandon said.

Just hearing him say those words had my juices flowing. I chewed my lower lip nervously. I was so excited I felt like I might crawl out of my own skin.

John put his arms over mine and his hands inside my thighs, prying me open and holding me wide. Due to our positioning, we both had a perfect view of Brandon crawling between my thighs, putting his face to my sex and inhaling the scent of me like he was sniffing the cork from a fine wine. My scalp tingled, and my flesh erupted in goosebumps. Beneath my bottom, my husband's cock was rapidly stiffening. I could feel it getting harder underneath my ass.

Brandon touched his tongue to my nether lips right around the moment I thought I'd scream if he waited another second. I could hear John breathing rapidly, could feel the erratic rise and fall of his chest. I was fighting for breath myself. Brandon took his sweet time dragging his tongue along each fold, exploring each nook, and laving each inch of tender flesh. I wanted to reach out and grab his head, but John was preventing me from moving, his arms holding me open and pinning me down.

**"I WAS BEING HELD IN MY HUSBAND'S STRONG ARMS FOR ANOTHER MAN TO EAT MY PUSSY."**

Brandon picked up his pace and really went at me, sucking my clit madly. His fingers drove into me, and my hips bucked, despite John's firm embrace. Brandon paused to say, "Keep ahold of your wife, please."

John gripped my thighs tighter. I was unable to shut my legs or even move much at that point. Being helpless heightened my pleasure. I was fully aware I was being held in my husband's strong arms—held open for another man to eat my pussy.

"Thank you, John," Brandon said. And then he went back to work, sucking and licking my clit, thrusting into me with his fingers, and tapping my G-spot until I could hardly breathe. Beneath me, John's rock-hard cock pressed more firmly into my plush ass. I felt an almost imperceptible thrust upward from him, and my breath caught.

"Come for me," John growled in my ear.

Brandon looked up, his eyes shining brightly. "Come for *us*."

I did, my orgasmic wetness glazing his hand and the top of my thighs as my pussy clenched roughly around his probing fingers. My hips managed to shoot up an inch or two despite John's vise-like grip.

Brandon straightened up, stroking his long dick with a tightly clenched fist.

"Now pull her legs up higher. Open that pussy up for me."

John obeyed, putting his hands beneath my knees and pulling them up toward him as he slouched against the wall. I felt my pussy, soaked and swollen, open like a blossoming flower.

Brandon settled himself between my legs, murmuring, "So pink. So pretty."

John grunted in my ear, and I shivered.

Brandon ran his cockhead along my eager slit, and my husband's unflagging

grip on my legs kept me indecently exposed.

I whimpered with excitement, and John kissed the top of my head. His dick was now digging into my back like I was lying on a rock.

Brandon got on his knees and moved closer to plunge his cock into my cunt, while John continued to hold me. Brandon entered me slowly, resting his hands on my calves as he penetrated me. His hands were warm and somehow made me more aware of John's grip on my thighs. With four hands on my body and one cock inside my cunt, I shut my eyes and absorbed all of the sensations that were coursing through me.

Pinned as I was, I felt completely helpless–and totally thrilled. Once Brandon hit bottom, he began to fuck me in short little bursts, barely withdrawing before plunging deeply and fiercely. Every intense thrust sent me careening closer to orgasm.

John squeezed my legs, and Brandon jammed into me faster, banging me wildly. I moaned, and John's fingers bit more sharply into my thighs. His excitement and arousal were palpable and fanned the flames of my lust.

Brandon kept driving his big dick into me, giving me a wink and smile.

"Your wife is very tight, John. She's very wet. She's warm, too. This is by far one of the finest cunts I've ever been inside."

John's moan drowned out my own.

"Let one of those legs go, and play with her nipple. Nice and soft."

John did just that. He released my left leg and started to tease my nipple. First, his touch was indeed soft. He casually dragged his fingertip around my nip in gentle circles. Then Brandon released my right leg and his thumb found my clit. The two men were rubbing in opposite directions, and my head was spinning.

I couldn't focus on anything. There was too much happening: the dick in my pussy, the fingers stroking my nipple, the thumb teasing my clit.

The sensations all swirled together, gathering into a perfect storm of pleasure until I was begging for nothing and everything all at once. As I rushed toward climax, my muttering pleas became unintelligible nonsense. Brandon thrust deep, and ecstasy swept over me, dragging me under and taking me down as I cried out. My cunt spasmed crazily around Brandon's cock as he grunted once, pulled free of me and shot his come all over my mound.

John exhaled as if he'd been holding his breath the entire time we'd fucked. His arms came up to wrap around me. He held me tenderly as Brandon cleaned up and smiled at us. I knew the second that big man left the bedroom, my husband would be taking back what was his. I'd been looking forward to that moment all day.

**–D.W., Boston, Massachusetts**

## SIDE HUSTLE

A few weeks ago my wife, Miranda, announced she'd gotten a part-time job. Not being a very inquisitive guy, I congratulated her and moved on. The extra money was nice, and I didn't feel a need to ask questions.

Then one night a bunch of guys from work invited me to join their buddy's bachelor party. Since they had been excitedly jabbering about a live sex show all day, I didn't need much convincing. Miranda was working that night anyway, so there was no real reason I needed to be home.

After work, we hit the lounge the guys had rented for the night. The space was small with plenty of leather armchairs all circled around a single center platform. The stage was covered in a thick bed of comforters. A bunch of pillows lay scattered across the top. Above the platform hung a massive glittering chandelier, which cast a soft golden glow. The only other light came from the votive candles flickering on the side tables that dotted the room.

A busty redhead trussed up in a tight corset top stood behind the bar, smiling easily at each of us as we toasted the groom with the shots of scotch she had at the ready for us. Once the back-pounding and congratulations had stopped, she addressed us.

"Good evening, gentleman," she purred. "I'll be here to serve you throughout the evening, should you require anything wet. If you'll leave your drink orders with me now, you can take a seat and get ready to enjoy the show."

After relaying our various preferences, we each settled down into the plush armchairs circling the platform. I ended up with a front-row seat near the groom.

Within moments the lights near the bar dimmed, while those of the chandelier grew brighter. A door behind me clicked open, then two women brushed past me.

# LETTERS

## ↘ WIVES GONE WILD

They crawled onto the center platform, both with their backs to me. Of course, what I could see was already making my cock twitch: a voluptuous brunette wearing a silky pink kimono that highlighted her hourglass figure and a willowy blonde who was clad in a long, sheer black robe.

The ladies settled into a pile of pillows, still denying me a good glimpse of their faces. Then the blonde turned, and I swear my heart stopped. Looking back at me was my wife! Our eyes locked. She tried to appear calm, but her wide-eyed stare betrayed her panic.

My mind quickly mulled over what to do. Though I was shocked, I definitely wasn't angry. I had no intention of calling out my wife. To be honest, the idea of watching Miranda fuck another woman was pretty thrilling. The fact that a room full of strangers could look, but not touch, while I would get to fuck this woman later only added to the thrill.

Miranda didn't have anything to worry about. To reassure her, I offered a slow wink and she smiled. Then I settled deeper into my seat and prepared to relax and enjoy the show.

By now a fresh tumbler of scotch had appeared on the table by my side. I took a mouthful of the rich liquor and let it roll over my tongue. Nothing had even happened yet, and already I was anticipating the release I would experience later when I finally got to fuck my wife—the sex star.

The ladies onstage introduced themselves to the audience. My wife gave her name as Roxanne, and her friend called herself Desiree. After assuring the men that masturbation wasn't only acceptable, but enthusiastically encouraged, both women slipped out of their robes.

Miranda arranged herself so I had a perfect view. Reclining in the pillows, she parted her legs to reveal her glistening pink pussy.

Desiree slid her hands from Miranda's ankles to her thighs, spreading my wife's legs even wider. She hovered over Miranda, playful nipping at her inner thighs.

Then Desiree straddled my wife's chest, facing the crowd and using her thumbs to part the lips of Miranda's pussy.

"Oh, Roxanne—you're dripping wet," Desiree cooed. "Is it because of all these hot, horny men watching you?"

Miranda loudly moaned, "Yes."

I knew my wife—I could tell from her voice she was speaking the truth. My cock twitched in my pants.

Desiree landed a sharp slap on Miranda's pussy, making my wife's body jerk. Pinning the audience with a sly grin, Desiree purred, "Well then, let's get you off and give them a show."

Desiree's finger slid between Miranda's sticky folds. The glossy evidence of her arousal slickened her swollen lips and made my mouth water. I could practically taste her juices, that musky sweetness I crave.

I hadn't noticed earlier, but at the edge of the blankets was a bowl of fruit. Desiree pulled a large banana from the bowl, peeled it and sheathed the bottom half with a condom. Before I could fully grasp what was happening, the thick, ripe banana was inside my wife's pussy, with only an inch or so visible. Desiree circled her fingers over Miranda's clit, and my cock felt like it was going to burst out of my pants.

Miranda squirmed and began to close her legs, causing Desiree to slap her thigh and scold her.

"These boys want to see your cunt. Don't you dare block their view!"

My moaning wife spread her legs wide once again, bucking her hips upward in her desperation. Desiree smirked and began rubbing my wife's clit with more urgency.

Miranda was whimpering helplessly at this point. Desiree leaned forward to suck on the bit of fruit jutting from my wife's pussy, then circled her tongue around the tip like it was a tiny little cock.

Desiree sat up and returned her fingers to Miranda's clit, rubbing her more roughly than I would have ever attempted. I could tell my wife was totally unhinged.

She was oh-so-close to coming.

Miranda shouted as she climaxed, and the pressure from her spasming cunt muscles squished the ripe banana, pushing sweet goo out of her snatch—and naughty Desiree lapped up every bit. It was bizarre, dirty and totally hot—even more so because my wife was taking part in this debauchery.

Pulling the condom with the remnants of the banana from Miranda's pussy, Desiree planted a light kiss on her mound before moving up to give her a peck on her lips.

"That was perfect, baby doll," Desiree purred, before their kiss rapidly grew more intense. "Mmm, but I think we can put that tongue to better use."

Miranda smiled as Desiree faced the audience to ask, "What do you say, gentlemen—do you want to see Roxanne lick my clit?"

Every other guy started hooting and hollering, but I sat frozen, desperately waiting for the moment I would see my wife eat another woman's pussy.

"Okay, but only if she asks me real nice." Desiree caressed Miranda's cheek. "Baby, do you want to lick my pussy?"

Her voice breathy and needy, Miranda whispered, "Yes, please."

Desiree teased her. "What's that? I'm not sure I heard you."

"Yes, Desiree. Please let me lick your pussy!"

My wife looked as desperate as she sounded, the tone in her voice making my cock absolutely ache.

Desiree positioned herself on all fours, with her pussy tilted toward the guest of honor, giving us a good view of Miranda's tongue-work.

I heard a moan come from my left. I glanced over to see the bartender grinding against the groom's lap. A closer look revealed she wasn't giving him a lap dance—she was full-on fucking him! And she was moaning like it was the best sex she'd ever had!

As I started to turn away, the bartender grabbed my wrist and pulled me in front of her. Toying with the zipper of my pants, she looked up at me and said, "I love to have a dick in my mouth when I come."

**"I WANTED TO WATCH MY WIFE FUCK ANOTHER WOMAN WHILE I GOT SUCKED OFF."**

Right at that moment, Miranda shouted out, "Yes!"

I instinctively knew she was giving me permission. But I didn't want to miss the show! Call me greedy, but I wanted to watch my wife fuck another woman while I got sucked off. I'd be damned if I missed a moment.

Luckily, the groom was looking out for me. He bent the redhead forward and swiveled his chair so we could both see the stage. Not even a fuck and blowjob could distract us from the wild women mere feet away.

But, damn, that scotch-slinger worked my dick like a pro. She swirled her tongue from base to tip, then took me in till I hit the back of her throat. The groom pumped his hips, pounding the chick's pussy and making her moans vibrate against my dick.

Meanwhile, Desiree's moans grew louder as she urged Miranda on, saying, "That's right you greedy girl, eat me."

Her words sent a jolt of electricity straight to my balls. I rammed my cock into the barmaid's mouth, repeatedly hitting the back of her throat. Then I turned my attention back to the stage just in time to see Desiree squirt all over my wife's face.

Miranda was slurping up the liquid coursing from Desiree's pussy. My balls grew tight, and heat surged through my dick. The second before I blew, I slid myself from the bartender's mouth and shot hot my load all over her pretty face.

When I looked back at Miranda, she and Desiree were leaving the stage. We caught each other's eye for a moment, and she winked at me. I couldn't wait to meet her at home.

**–F.L., Tampa, Florida**

Did you marry your wife because of her wild ways or did you discover them too late—or just in time to enjoy them? Tell *Penthouse* all about it. Mail your story to *Penthouse Letters*, Department WW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email your tale to letters@penthouse.

# LETTERS

## SLOPPY SECONDS

### BY THE BOOK

My wife, Beatrix, looks like a librarian. That's good, because she is a librarian, for an elementary school. She wears glasses, keeps her hair in a bun, and is always cold and pulling her sweater around herself. She's so thin I'm worried a stiff breeze will carry her away. She's also drop-dead gorgeous, and when she gets home, takes off her specs and lets her hair down, she's a tigress.

I met Beatrix at school. I'm the art teacher. I realize now that she let me chase her until *she* caught *me*. I'm not much of an aggressor–I'm sure she saw in me the type of guy she's interested in. Namely, I'm a guy who will do whatever she asks of me, sexually.

I figured this out on our honeymoon. Before I could even fuck her–we did not have sex before marriage, on her insistence–she fucked me instead, with a strap-on dildo. That set the tone for our marriage. We don't do whips and chains, but in all matters I am her submissive, sexually speaking. I am expected to paint her finger- and toenails–which she has me do naked so she can play with my erection with her feet–shave her armpits, legs and pussy. I am also expected to keep my body free of hair. I draw her baths and bathe her. When it comes to sex, I am at her beck and call. She likes to be fucked, but she also demands that I eat her pussy and asshole.

This arrangement suits me fine, but lately Beatrix has been indicating that she'd like more. We've gotten into some spanking, and she's had me wearing butt plugs. I've offered to wear her panties to work, but she scoffed and said they wouldn't fit–and that the thought didn't turn her on anyway. We've often watched porn together, and she has discovered a category of films she adores called "cuckolding."

Those flicks are all about women cheating on their husbands, while the men dutifully watch. Beatrix loved the idea and said she was going to bring another man home and fuck the daylight out of him while I stood by, helpless.

"Then," she said, with a devilish smile, "you're going to fuck me and get sloppy seconds."

I may be submissive, but I can also be quite jealous, so I didn't know what to make of her statement–especially when Beatrix said she was going to make overtures to Joe, the gym teacher at our school. I've never liked him much, mostly because of the way he brazenly flirts with Beatrix. If he has a free moment he's always in the library, chatting her up. He's also, as you would expect from a gym teacher, well built and robust-looking.

Beatrix invited Joe over for dinner. He's a stereotypical bachelor and jumped at the chance for a home-cooked meal–even though he knew I would be there. We had a cordial dinner, and during dessert and coffee Beatrix laid out her offer.

"I know you think I'm attractive, and I think you are, too. I'd really like to have sex with you. There's only one condition–you have to let Adam watch."

Joe blushed and looked at me. I was impassive. He furrowed his brow and asked me, "You're okay with this?"

I glanced at Beatrix, who gave me a stern look.

"Y-y-yes," I stammered. "I'm all in."

With that we retired to the bedroom. Beatrix told Joe to take off his clothes and ordered me to get naked and sit in a chair in the corner. She slipped into the bathroom to change into something more comfortable. Tension was in the air as Joe and I disrobed, avoiding eye contact.

I felt a little bit of pride when I saw that I had a bigger cock than he did.

He sat down on the bed and stared at the ceiling. Beatrix rejoined us, wearing a flimsy nightgown–and no panties or bra. She sat down next to Joe and began kissing him hungrily. I sat in my chair, my cock at full staff. I began stroking myself. Beatrix snapped at me, saying, "Don't you dare come," before returning her attention to Joe.

She bid him to stand up and then started sucking his cock. That burned me a little bit because Beatrix doesn't suck my cock very often–only on special occasions. But she inhaled Joe's dick like the Whore of Babylon. She fiddled

**“THERE WAS NO ROMANCE ABOUT IT. THEY FUCKED LIKE TWO SAVAGE ANIMALS.”**

with his balls and every so often ran her tongue around the head of his dick.

Then Beatrix told Joe to lie facedown on the bed. I thought she might get out her strap-on and fuck him, but no, she began to eat his ass! Now I was really annoyed because that’s something I’d dreamed of her doing to me—I’d begged her, in fact—but she’d refused, saying it was disgusting. Now she was tongue-fucking another man right in front of me! I was furious—but my cock was harder than ever.

Joe groaned and seemed to be in another world. Beatrix finally came up for air and said it was time for him to eat her pussy. After removing her nightie, she got on her back and parted her legs. He dove in, eating her hungrily. She looked directly at me as he tongued her, her eyes burning with lust. I would have liked to have gotten closer and watched him suck her cunt, but I didn’t want to break away from her hypnotic gaze.

Before long, she clenched her teeth and came, all the while staring me down.

Beatrix sucked Joe’s cock some more to get it nice and hard. She told him that she wanted him to fuck her ass. She’d always refused to take my dick up her butt, of course, insisting my cock was too big. But she proclaimed Joe’s was “just the right size.” She told me to grab lube from the nightstand and liberally apply it to her asshole. I did so, as she told Joe, “I haven’t done this in a while.”

I never realized she’d done it at all, since she had never done it with me! The moment rammed home how little I knew about my bride.

Once I got her asshole all slick, she told me I could stay on the edge of the bed and watch Joe fuck her. He had hardly said a word since our interlude started. I could see him hesitate upon hearing her invitation to me, but his cock was twitching and Beatrix said, “Come on, stud. Fuck my ass hard!”

Joe kind of shrugged and then got to work. He lined up his cock with her snug hole and gradually pushed inside. I watched, fascinated, as her sphincter opened and swallowed his dick. Then he pulled out, and slowly pushed back in again, and eventually they built up a sexy rhythm. Before long he was pounding her, and she was gripping the bedsheets and moaning loudly. I could tell she was really worked up.

At one point, she pulled free of Joe. “Go wash off your dick. I want you to fuck my pussy, and you’re going to come inside me.”

Joe didn’t have to be told twice. He did as asked and returned to Beatrix, who was on her back with her legs spread. He climbed aboard and began to fuck her cunt. There was no romance about it, no niceties. They fucked like two savage animals.

I was stroking my cock but forced myself to stop every time I threatened to come. She’d warned me, after all. I knew if I screwed up, she’d deliver a humiliating punishment and after everything that had already gone on, I wasn’t willing to risk her wrath.

Joe looked like he was ready to burst. He arched his back, howled like a wolf

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## ↘ SLOPPY SECONDS

and then came deep inside her.

"That's it, lover," my wife cooed. "Fill me up!"

Joe collapsed on top of her, but she pushed him off and looked at me.

"You're up, big boy. Fuck me, Adam!"

Joe's bewildered face was priceless, but I ignored him, wasting no time taking his place between her thighs. Beatrix wrapped her legs around my waist and pulled me to her. I sank in deep, my cock finding a happy home inside her pussy. She felt so warm and wet, and it gave me a perverse thrill to know her cunt was full of another man's jism and his cream was easing my ride.

I only had to pump a few times before I let loose inside her, pumping her full with her second load of the night. The pleasure was so intense I thought I was being turned inside out.

I withdrew from her sloppy cunt, and Beatrix pulled her knees up to her chest.

"You know what to do," she purred, as I looked down at her slick cunt. A pearly stream of come was oozing out, but I knew there was much more inside her.

I regularly ate my semen out of her pussy, but this was going to be different—another man's spunk was mixed with mine.

Joe was just standing by the bed, eyes wide and mouth open. Beatrix looked at him and said, "You can stay and watch, or take a shower and show yourself out." He went into the bathroom and shut the door as she pushed my head into her crotch and told me to get to work.

I sucked on her clit and stuck a finger in her pussy to loosen everything up. Our mingled fluids came flowing out, and I eagerly licked them up. I knew the taste of my semen, of course, but I could tell there was another man's flavor in the mix.

I lapped up our loads, feeling the slick goo clinging to my lips and tongue. She pulled me up and kissed me, telling me she loved me. I returned the sentiment as Joe came out of the bathroom. He glanced at us briefly before hurriedly dressing and beating a hasty retreat out the door. Beatrix and I shared a good laugh.

I'm not sure we'll ever see Joe in our bedroom again. He and I avoid eye contact when we see each other at school now, and he doesn't hang around Beatrix anymore.

Lately, she's been flirting with a young, hunky custodian named Jim. I'm starting to wonder what his jism tastes like.

**–A.F., via email**

## LOVING CUP

It amused me when my wife, Tonia, got jealous of my bisexual past. She was envious of the men I'd fucked, since she'd only had lesbian sex. Maybe she was belatedly curious about the male form and wondered how it would feel to have a real cock inside her.

She and I had been married only a year, long enough for us to settle into comfortable routines. We'd had this same conversation before, about my bisexuality, where she spoke wistfully of my past boyfriends and made me tell her lurid stories of my hetero exploits.

I didn't mind. I loved Tonia with every womanly inch of myself, and she loved me right back. I would do anything to make her happy.

That day, though, I impulsively tried another tack. I said, "If you're really curious, sweetheart, I know the very man who'd love to fuck you."

She gaped at me. Tonia is a sultry blonde, with a gorgeous body. I never get tired of sex with her, but I'd left no stone unturned in my own sexual past. I had no regrets. I'd even kept in touch with some ex-lovers who were men. They were just friends now, but I knew one guy who would definitely do me the favor of doing my wife.

"Are you serious?" Tonia asked after a moment. We were lounging in our fancy living room. Tonia is a successful corporate attorney, and I'm a tenured professor. We're very well off.

I smiled at her. "Sure. Look, I doubt

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I'd be okay if you wanted to sleep with another woman, but Gary's wanted you since we first met. Remember? He used to ask you out all the time. He even begged me to talk you into trying out straight sex just once. He'd do you in a heartbeat!"

Having said it out loud, the scenario took shape in my mind and excitement stirred in me. Tonia still looked stunned, but I knew she was considering my proposal. With a purr in my voice, I added, "But I'd get to watch Gary fuck you. And then afterward, I get sloppy seconds."

I don't know what part of that convinced her. Maybe I'd sold her on the idea right from the get-go. But my lovely wife lit up, sprang off the couch and smothered me with a hug. She thanked me repeatedly. Then our mouths came together, and her lush body was grinding against mine. We didn't even make it to the bedroom. Fortunately, the living room floor is thickly carpeted.

I met with Gary. We'd had a great relationship once upon a time, but neither of us was ready to commit. He was still a good-looking man. He was also a very decent human being. He sensed I had something important to say as we sat at a coffeehouse table.

"You remember Tonia?" I asked.

I could almost hear the bell go off in his head. "You bet. Are you two still together?"

"We are. But she and I were wondering if you'd like to join us."

I went on to spell out the situation for him.

He looked as stunned as Tonia had–perhaps even more so.

"Holy shit," he murmured. "I thought maybe you were going to ask me to have an affair with you or something. But fuck Tonia? Oh, hell yes!"

His eyes were bugging out. I laughed and thanked him.

I orchestrated the whole hookup, setting the date and the time. I gave it a few days, just in case Tonia wanted to change her mind–but that didn't happen. She was fully committed to the idea.

**"I DRILLED MY OWN DIGITS DEEPER INTO MYSELF AS I TOOK IN THE SIGHT OF THEM."**

Nothing about this "date" made me uneasy. Even though we'd only been wed for a year, I had absolute confidence in our marriage. Besides, I desperately wanted to see Gary pound my true love's pussy.

The appointed night arrived, and Gary showed up with flowers, which Tonia and I both thought was sweet. I could tell he was nervous. Maybe it seemed too good to be true to him. It did have the feel of fantasy fulfillment, I admit.

But we were dead serious about doing this.

We welcomed Gary into our home. Tonia was wearing a silky sheer dress, and she looked good enough to eat. Gary had spruced up, too, trading his usual leather jacket for a sport coat and slacks.

Not wanting to draw out the moment and let anyone's nerves get the best of them, I stepped between them and took each by the hand. Silently, I led the way into the bedroom. My body practically twanged with excitement. I'd had sex with both these people. Now I would get to watch them fuck one another!

I stood them at the foot of the big luxurious bed, then I stepped back, taking a chair in a shadowy corner. I flicked on the stereo using a remote, and soft music began to play. Gary licked his lips, and Tonia had a sexy smile on her face.

I stage-whispered, "Kiss!" I hoped to hell they wouldn't back out.

They both laughed but moved together, letting their lips meet. Their kiss was hesitant at first, then passion took hold of Gary–and Tonia returned the sentiment as their mouths ground together. After a few seconds, I caught a flash of their tongues entwining. He held her tight, and her hands moved over his body, exploring his masculine physique with its tempting muscles and irresistible brawn.

Further directions were no longer necessary. They undressed each other without a word from me. Gary still looked like he could only half believe what was happening as a shivering excitement lit up my wife's face.

The last of their clothing fell away, and they stood naked before me, both so gorgeous: Tonia's supple curves, and Gary's muscular form, with his cock standing out firm and full.

Tonia reached out a trembling hand and took hold of his shaft, squeezing it with a look of delicate discovery. Gary moaned, and then the two climbed onto the mattress together.

As I'd planned, I slipped out of my own clothes. I leaned back in the chair and spread my legs. As my wife and ex-boyfriend lay down side-by-side, I trailed my fingers over my damp pussy lips and electric pleasure raised

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gooseflesh on my limbs.

Their hands moved over each other. Gary was visibly savoring every part of her, while Tonia's caresses were full of astonishment. He gently kneaded the luscious globes of her tits. She touched his cock again, reaching farther south to explore his shaved balls.

Gary's fingers quested between her legs as well. They both shivered as he grazed her hairless pussy lips. I slid my own fingers into myself as Gary slipped his into Tonia's cunt–first one, then two entered her succulent snatch.

This was the first sensual touch from a man my wife had ever known. The specialness of the occasion wasn't lost on me, and certainly Gary was aware of it. He had pined for this woman, rather hopelessly, for a long while. Now he was relishing the experience of getting to know her intimately.

He was the right man for the job–engaged, sensual and patient–and the moment was exactly what Tonia deserved.

She then tugged more urgently on his cock. I saw her instinctively find that good jerking rhythm. It thrilled her to see how he responded, with ever increasing groans of pleasure as he fingered her pussy harder. Tonia grunted with mounting exhilaration, and her slit gleamed with wetness. I drilled my own digits deeper into myself as I took in the sight of them.

She clutched him tightly, burying her face against his throat as she shook with a fierce climax. A look of delight and satisfaction came over Gary's face. Of course, he had wanted to please her. He'd always been a thoughtful lover.

Tonia, eyes blazing, rolled onto her back. She reached for him, pulling him

**"SHUDDERING WITH DESIRE, I SWEPT MY TONGUE UP HER COME-OILED GROOVE."**

on top of her. With one hand busy at my pussy, my other groped my tits. I tweaked my buzzing nipples as Gary moved into place. My wife was about to lose her hetero virginity, and I was there to see it. I felt utterly privileged.

Gary, holding his erection in his hand, smeared his thick cockhead around her hole. He traced that knob up and down her dewy lips, then he slowly started to slide the tip inside. Naturally, I'd fucked Tonia with dildos any number of times, but he obviously wanted her to savor every second of this real, live penetration.

He sank his cock into her pussy inch by inch until he was buried in her fully. It was a beautiful sight, one I'd never thought I'd see. It was likely something Tonia had never expected to happen in her life. I was glad I'd made it possible for her.

My bride made encouraging sounds, and Gary started stroking into her. He watched her face for any negative reaction. There was none. Tonia's beautiful body flexed beneath his. Her hips bucked, meeting his every thrust. Again, instinct kicked in. She lifted her legs and wrapped them around his waist so that he could plow her as deeply as possible.

He fucked her in earnest, his ass lifting and dropping rhythmically. I heard and saw each impact of their bodies. Tonia gasped with pleasure, and I saw Gary's face twist in a familiar manner while I fingered myself furiously.

When Gary came, his whole body jerked. From beneath him, Tonia let out a cry, which was also very familiar to me. She reared up, clasping Gary in a shivery embrace, before sinking back into the bed. In a daze, Gary grinned and pulled his slick cock out of her, falling off to the side. Nestled in my chair in the corner, I came as well–but I wasn't yet sated.

I stood and stalked to the bed. My wife lay with her legs open and a man's pearly load overflowing from her twitching pussy for the very first time.

Shuddering with desire, I settled

between Tonia's thighs and swept my tongue up her come-oiled groove. Gary's salty taste stung my tongue, mixed with Tonia's natural musky flavor. Together, their juices became something even greater, some mystical nectar that fed my innermost hunger.

I slurped up the evidence of their lust. I probed my tongue deeper inside my wife. Tonia let out a mewl of pleasure. Gobs of Gary's spunk clung to my chin, and I scooped it off with my pussy-slick fingers and ate it, getting a taste of myself as well.

I reamed Tonia's pussy, collecting even more of Gary's goo on my fingertips. I put my mouth to Tonia's slit again, sweeping my tongue over her pulsing clitoris. She reached down and grabbed a handful of my hair. She pushed her pussy forcefully against my mouth. I probed her even deeper, getting the still warm strands of jism Gary had left behind.

Vaguely, I was aware of him sitting a few feet away on the bed, pulling on his revived cock as he watched us. The attention warmed me further.

Tonia's hips started to buck crazily. I grabbed them, holding on and letting her ride my face toward another glorious climax. Her juices flowed into my mouth, tinged with the lingering taste of Gary's semen. How delicious everything was when sipped from my exquisite wife's loving cup.

**–J.M., Salem, Oregon**

## SILVER WINNER

I wasn't going to get Noah first. I watched him and Ronette head upstairs together, leaving the party behind. She flashed me an evil grin. She had no idea.

Noah and I had been married for less than a year. Our first house party was in full swing, with everybody having fun and hooking up right and left. I nursed a beer and waited patiently.

Noah was a fiendishly handsome man, with blond hair and an underwear model's sculpted body. He definitely got my pussy humming. We had a wonderful, understanding arrangement between us about extramarital hijinks. So it was no problem, him going up to our bedroom with another woman—least of all Ronette, with whom I had a sexual history.

My relationship with her hadn't lasted long, and she'd held a little grudge against me since we'd parted ways. I'd hoped that if Noah let her lead him into bed it might help patch things up between us. It was why I'd invited her over that night.

Most of the evening, I'd stayed back in the shadows watching them flirt. They'd exchanged shy smiles and friendly touches that gradually became lingering ones, laced with sensual promise. Every time she'd flashed her dark eyes at him or touched his cheek I'd felt a rush of arousal flood my pussy.

Oh, to be a fly on the wall when they'd finally fuck! Maybe one day, but that night I had different, dirtier plans.

As I let their encounter play out upstairs, I mused on athletes who came in second in competitions. First place got the gold, while second place received the silver medal. I'd always been fascinated by those exalted runners-up. What guts it took to stand up on that podium, just a little below the winner, with everybody knowing you'd performed brilliantly—but you hadn't come in first.

Maybe it was just that I'd always liked sloppy seconds. I liked climbing on top of a guy who'd just gotten his brains screwed out by another woman. There was great triumph in coaxing a man back to life, prodding his sweaty spent body into motion again. That particular kink of mine hadn't gone away with my marriage to Noah—and that's what I'd wanted on that particular night.

After quite a while, Ronette came back down the stairs. She looked disheveled and sated, and I knew Noah had given it to her good. I hid my grin and let her approach me with a smug look.

"You're never going to taste my pussy again!" she announced before storming off.

But even now I sensed she was

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putting on that act because she thought she had to.

If our friendship was over that was her loss. My prize awaited me upstairs, and I rushed up to claim it.

Inside our bedroom, Noah was lying spread-eagle on the mattress, naked. Perspiration made his taut body gleam. His half-limp sticky cock lay against his thigh. His face wore a dazed look. He blinked up at me as I approached.

"You were right," he murmured sleepily. "She's fun."

I grinned. "Thanks for playing along."

"No problem," he said with a chuckle. "Is that all you wanted out of this?"

"You know better than that."

He smiled broadly, and I peeled off my dress and dropped my panties. My nipples had already stiffened with excitement, and my pussy was beginning to flow. Sleepy postcoital Noah fought to stay in the present, knowing he had more fun in store.

I stood over him a moment longer, squeezing my tits and tweaking those hard nipples. I traced two fingertips languidly up and down my shaven cleft, sending thrilling shivers through me. I drank in the sight of my husband, supplying my own naked images of Ronette grappling with him. I could still smell her perfume in the air. It was time to begin.

I started with Noah's feet. I delicately kissed his toes, then the insides of his ankles. As I knelt on the end of the bed, he tried to sit up. I stared him back down. I planted increasingly lively kisses all along his inner thighs. His body squirmed on the rumpled covers.

Finally, I was hovering over his cock. He was starting to grow hard again, but his dick wasn't quite all the way there yet. I loved having him in my mouth in this state. I lowered my head and slurped up his meat. Immediately, I tasted the feminine tang of juices drying on his swelling staff.

The flavor struck fierce pleasure into me and awakened instant erotic memories. Ronette had gotten it wrong: I *was* tasting her pussy again. I was actually savoring it, in addition to the unique sensation of my husband's cock hardening once more in my mouth. My tongue plucked at the enlarging veins lining his shaft. I dropped my head lower, taking the fat knob into my throat.

**"SOME OF RONETTE'S PUSSY SAUCE HAD OOZED OUT ONTO HIS LOVELY NUTS."**

I tasted Ronette's cunt juice and the residue of Noah's come, all mixed together into a delirious elixir. I groaned, sending a humjob thrill through my husband who replied with an answering moan of pleasure.

I cradled his spit- and sweat-slick balls. Ronette must have sucked him there as well, slathering his nutsac with her tongue. I breathed in the remnants of her lovely scent as I buried my nose in Noah's sparse pubic fuzz. His hips started to jerk, driving his cock deeper.

Before we both lost control completely, I slipped my mouth off his rod. Continuing to slowly stroke him with my hand, I shifted down to suck his sac. It was like I was following the sexual clues Ronette had left behind for me.

I bounced each of his balls on my tongue before gently sucking them in past my lips one at a time. I applied a careful pressure to him and heard him grunt with appreciation. Some of Ronette's pussy sauce had oozed out onto his lovely nuts. I lifted his balls and licked underneath them, tasting Noah's tart sweat. I even dared to delve a little deeper, going after the last traces of Ronette's fluids by flicking my tongue tip just at the edge of Noah's anal pucker.

He yelped with surprise or pleasure or both. But by then my pussy was raging. I came up for air, lunged forward and pressed my mouth on Noah's, finding still more of Ronette's flavor on my husband's lips. He must have eaten her cunt. They'd been none too neat about it, either. I tasted her all over his chin and cheeks.

Grinning, I decided he could use a second course of pussy. I scooted farther up the bed, straddled his gorgeous face and lowered my cunt onto his mouth.

He groaned against my lips, which sent hot tendrils of pleasure up through my body. I put my hands to my tits again

and started squeezing and pinching my aching nipples.

Noah took hold of my hips and worked my pussy back and forth across his busy mouth. His tongue licked all around my groove, then stabbed up inside. I gasped, grinding down on him as he zeroed in on my throbbing clit. He coaxed beautiful pleasure from the swollen nub with his agile tongue.

Whatever fatigue he'd felt from fucking Ronette, I had banished. He ate me furiously now. His tongue flashed in and out of me. He even contrived to graze my clitoris with the edge of his teeth, in that delicate, stimulating way that sends me out of my mind.

I decided now was a good time for an orgasm. I got ready to flood my husband's mouth with my juice. At that instant he jerked on my hips, shifting my body. Suddenly, I felt his tongue worming up into my asshole!

The intensity of the pleasure overwhelmed me. His tongue tip worked into my vulnerable hole. I shuddered, a ragged cry spilling past my wet lips. I came with a fury, my nectar flowing onto Noah's face.

I went tilting off to one side and landed on the bed, staggered from the orgasmic intensity of it all. Noah loomed over me, definitely wide awake and ready to fuck again. He spread my legs. His cock, still shining with my spit, reared over my buzzing pussy.

"Put it in me," I told him.

He slotted that beautiful familiar member into me. He buried himself balls-deep in my cunt. I clutched him with an eager internal silkiness and heat. Roiling joy erupted all around me, crashing up against my flesh, as if my body were an island in an angry sea of erotic bliss.

I grasped Noah's shoulders as he started stroking into me lazily. I loved the sleek hardness of him. I pulled his mouth down toward mine and cleaned his face once again, this time tasting my own juices as our tongues tangled.

He stepped up the tempo, pounding me furiously. A fresh tide of bliss was gathering in me. I wanted to wait until he was ready to spew, but I couldn't hang on. My climax rushed over me, making me shiver and cry out.

I hoped he had fucked Ronette this well.

Noah jammed his pulsing cock into my pussy, and I thrust back against his forceful plunges. He wasn't messing around with slow strokes anymore. He was heading for the finish line, all the sexual machineries in his body telling him the time for shooting his spunk was fast approaching. I could tell.

As his balls spanked my butt, I turned my head and gasped, "Come in my ass! Please!" His playful tonguing earlier had roused those special nerves. I wanted to feel his meat deep in my back hole.

Noah pulled out as I parted my legs wide and raised my butt off the mattress. He swirled his slick cockhead around my ring. I shivered at the contact. He grabbed hold of me and started to press forward slowly. I loved that he was conscientious enough, even now, to be so cautious with me. But it wasn't necessary. My ass was already primed.

In one fearless lunge, I thrust forward and took him all the way in. The pleasure exploded in me, and a final volatile climax started almost immediately. But it was a continuous and building ecstasy.

My flesh rippled, and my nerve endings crackled. Noah only had to plow me a couple times before his come erupted. I felt the hot jets filling my back passage, giving me a dirty kind of satisfaction.

The next day Ronette called and apologized. I told her it was okay, then set about selling her on the idea of a three-way.

She was all for it.

**–A.O., Miami, Florida**

Have you ever enjoyed the squishy thrill of coming in second? Or third? Or…? Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SLS, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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# LETTERS

## SOMEONE'S WATCHING

### NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH

My wife, Judy, came down from the attic with a stunned look on her face. We had been settling into our new house for several days now. The move was going fine. We liked our neighborhood; it seemed quiet and friendly.

"Warren, you've got to come see this!"

I followed her upstairs, admiring the curve of her toned, denim-covered ass, even as I was curious about what she'd discovered. She led me to the far end of the attic, to a small window that I had to lean out toward to see anything through.

"Take a look," she said, voice trembling either with uneasiness or excitement. I couldn't quite tell. Maybe it was a little of both.

Frowning, I hung onto a rafter and leaned and looked. My eyes bugged out immediately. The odd angle of the attic window gave me a view down onto the back of our next door neighbors' house. The drapes were open on a broad window—a bedroom window—which glowed against the darkness of night, thanks to an indoor light.

Inside the bedroom, two people were going at it with the gusto of newlyweds. A dark-haired man was on his back on the bed, and a good-looking blonde was energetically riding his cock. He was thrusting up into her. As I watched, they rolled off the bed onto the carpeted floor. The woman scrambled onto all fours, and the guy took her doggy-style, pounding her pussy with fearsome thrusts. Her face twisted as she looked to be crying out with pleasure.

Suddenly, there was hot breath on my neck. Judy was leaning next to me, to get another look at the sexual spectacle.

I thought maybe she'd be upset by the flagrant display, but she said with wonder in her voice, "Look at them go! They must not be very shy to leave the curtains open like that."

"You know what else they aren't?" I said wryly. "Those aren't the people who live there. I met them yesterday when you were at the supermarket. It's a different couple who owns that house, and they live alone."

But that mystery didn't stop me and my wife from watching the proceedings next door until they reached their eruptive conclusion. The dark-haired guy pulled his cock out of the blonde's pussy and pumped his come all over her back and ass, then they collapsed together into a joyful-looking heap.

I was curious about what we'd seen, but I didn't know how to find more information. Was I supposed to ask our neighbors who'd been fucking in their bedroom? But after that shocking night, Judy and I both regularly stole up into the attic to look out that little window, hoping to see another sexy scene.

A few nights later, it happened again. It was yet another couple, still not the people who lived in the house. The guy was muscled with a shaved head, and the woman had short red hair. They rolled around on the bed and floor just as enthusiastically as the previous pair had.

The sight gave me a serious hard-on, and this time Judy really got into the show. She muttered things like "Yeah, fuck her sweet pussy!" and "Suck that yummy cock!" She groped me as we watched the exhibition. Afterward, I fucked her right there in the attic, with her reaching up to hold on to a beam and my cock reaming her from behind. It was fantastic.

But now I *had* to know what was going on next door. Furtively, I scouted out the back of the house. I saw it sat opposite another property, and that there was nothing but a two-foot high fence between the two lots. There were no trees in either yard.

That meant the people in the opposite house, with a big window at the back, could see straight across into our next door neighbors' bedroom, where all the sexual fireworks had been going on.

I made an excuse to visit that second house, where I met Jimmy, a jovial guy who invited me in for coffee. He smiled knowingly as I tried to delicately broach the subject.

Jimmy cut to the chase. "Yes. Different couples have sex in the bedroom over there, and a group of us from the neighborhood gather here to watch them.

It's great fun. You want another cup?"

And just like that I got an invitation to come watch the next "performance." They were scheduled, with different couples from the neighborhood volunteering to be the performers.

I went back and told Judy the incredible story. I was wondering if we'd moved in among some crazy sex cult, but Judy said without a pause, "When's the next show?"

We went over to Jimmy's where about two dozen people had gathered. It was very social and friendly, with hors d'oeuvres and cocktails. When it was time, we went into the big back room. Across the way, in perfect view, two people proceeded to fuck their brains out. Again, it lit me and Judy up with excitement. We went home and screwed like bunnies.

Jimmy visited us the next day. Smiling, he said, "It would be good manners if you two took a turn. You don't have to, but..."

Judy and I talked about it after Jimmy left. Her eyes danced with a strange light. Finally, she said, "Well, Warren, we don't want to be rude."

**"IN THE BACK OF MY MIND, I KNEW PEOPLE WERE WATCHING US AT OUR MOST INTIMATE."**

I couldn't believe she was up for it! But I was glad—and excited.

We signed up to perform. When the night came around, we went next door and were led to the bedroom in back, where the drapes were pulled wide. No lights were on across the way, so there was a weird illusion of privacy. But we both knew how many eyes were on us.

I was nervous, and I could see Judy was, too. We'd never done anything remotely like this before. But when we were "alone" she came to me, and we kissed. My tireless desire for her instantly rose to a high heat.

We stood by the bed as my hands tugged at her clothing. She did the same to me. In seconds we were both naked. My cock throbbed, almost painfully hard. Her nipples, capping her lovely firm tits, were stiff with excitement, and her face was flushed.

Together, we tumbled onto the bed. We kissed furiously, tongues flashing. I groped her breasts, thrilled by the supple feel of her. She fondled my balls and played with my veiny shaft. I smelled the aroma of arousal coming off her. Her pussy was already slick. I slipped two fingers into her, and she bucked her hips at the contact.

But I wanted a taste of her. Her scent drew me down between her open legs. I licked the insides of her smooth thighs, then my mouth hovered above her streaming entrance. I unfurled my tongue and wiped up the wetness that had overflowed. Judy growled with pleasure.

I slid my tongue into her, and her familiar flavor awoke even deeper

# LETTERS

## ↘ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

pleasures in me. It felt as if my skin were crackling with electricity all over. I put my hands underneath her ass and lifted her off the bed, jamming her hard against my face. Her juices smeared my lips and chin. I tongue-fucked her eagerly, giving her swollen clit plenty of attention.

She squirmed and thrashed and cried out as she flooded my mouth with her liquid excitement. Afterward, she scrambled up, shivering, and said, "I need your cock!" I was on my back before I knew it, and Judy was savagely impaling herself on my straining shaft.

I yelped with pleasure as she slammed down on me. We'd always had good sex, but this seemed like something even greater. In the back of my mind I knew it was the secret observers, the notion that people were watching us at our most intimate. But it was still my wife, above everything else, who excited me, who drove me to sexual extremes. I loved her so much.

She rode my pole like a lunatic cowgirl. I reached up to maul her tits, tweaking her nipples fiercely, the way she liked. Her head whipped from side to side. I thrust up hard into her, feeling the silky clasp of her pussy.

I watched a wild climax wrack her gorgeously fit body. She howled her victory, every muscle pulled tight. Then she tilted off me. I went with the motion, and suddenly we were on the thick carpet.

**"SHE THRUST BACK AGAINST MY EVERY STROKE, AND THERE WAS A HUMMING IN MY BALLS."**

In a fever, I set Judy on her hands and knees. I knelt behind her and slotted my cock back into her. The angle let me penetrate her deeply, and I pounded her to her core. My balls smacked loudly against her slit as I squeezing her supple ass cheeks.

My eyes flashed dazedly toward the window. I saw only the night outside, but the others from the neighborhood could see everything that was happening in our hideaway. They must be relishing the sight of us. We were now a part of this peculiar, exciting little community. Judy and I were giving pleasure to these people by exhibiting ourselves this way.

She thrust back against my every stroke, and there was a deep humming in my balls. I knew I wasn't too far from spewing my spunk. But I exerted some self-control and maintained my tempo. I wanted our audience to enjoy themselves fully.

I felt the sweat on my face and saw some shining on Judy's flexing back. Her hair was plastered to her forehead as she turned her head and looked back over her shoulder at me with blazing eyes. With bared teeth she said, "You ready to shoot?"

I nodded, my head roaring and my blood pumping. She lunged forward, uncoupling herself from me, before spinning around, still on her knees. She told me to stand up, and I rose on trembling legs. When she cradled my buzzing balls in one hand, my breath caught in my throat. As she put her mouth to my dripping cock, I let that breath out in a wondrous moan.

Her lips closed around my swollen cockhead, and I felt her tongue dance on my knob. She sucked her way down my staff until I was entering her throat. Her saliva ran out of the corners of her mouth as she bobbed on my dick. I'd seen the people at Jimmy's passing around little binoculars last time and hoped these exquisite details weren't lost on them.

Judy sucked me, and I thrust my cock deep into her talented mouth. I was past all restraints, and heat washed up through me. My balls started to tighten, and I knew I couldn't hold back much longer.

Judy pulled her mouth off me and worked my cock with her hand. I sprayed my jizz across her heaving tits and over her open mouth, seeing thick drops of goo land on her waiting tongue.

The bedroom briefly whirled in my vision. Judy stood up beside me and took my hand. I felt an urge to bow toward the open window. I knew somewhere in the distance we were likely getting a standing ovation.

**–W.P., via email**

# THE NAUGHTY LIST

I got a job as a Santa's helper to help with our finances. The costume was fairly fun: candy-cane-striped tights, a short green skirt, black boots, a red sweater with white puff balls at the ends of the ties, and a Santa hat.

My shift was only four hours, but they were paying premium money for the help. Turns out if you could handle children, chaos and dress like Santa's stripper, you could earn a pretty decent part-time paycheck.

As I got dressed to run off to work, Kyle remarked on how hot I looked.

"Santa must think so," I joked. "He's always checking out my little elf ass."

Kyle got a funny look on his face, but I was running late and didn't have time decipher it.

"I'm off to Santa's village to herd tired, sticky children to the head honcho, so they can tell him what they want under the Christmas tree," I said before giving him a kiss.

Kyle grabbed my ass beneath my skirt and squeezed. "I want this ass under my Christmas tree," he said, planting another peck on my lips.

I laughed and then hurried out the door with my coat and bag. I caught sight of Kyle watching me from the living room window and gave him a little finger wave.

"You big weirdo," I called. Though I doubted he could hear me. Then I laughed again and climbed into the car, happy to have my legs out of the cold air. The tights didn't do much for warmth.

I managed to get my coat on and then started the car. If I was lucky I'd only be a few minutes late. That was fine. The kids weren't going anywhere.

I didn't spot Kyle until I was nearing the end of my shift. The mall would be closing in 15 minutes because extended holiday hours hadn't started yet. I was tired, but not too tired. If anything, I was chilly and wanted to go home to my sweats and slippers and big warm man.

I tried to catch Kyle's eye but failed. I shook my head, ushering the last little kid toward the exit. When I turned from the throne, I spotted Kyle eyeing Santa—that is, Shaun—who was casting lascivious looks at me, as usual. I rolled my eyes, wondering if Kyle was jealous. But my question would have to wait until I could get him alone.

As I was putting up the chains to close off Santa's village for the night, my husband came over.

"He watched you like a hawk," he said.

"So? What are you going to do? Beat up Santa?"

He put his hand on my hip and leaned in to whisper, "Come on. You know me better than that."

Once, in the past, Kyle had insisted on fucking in front of the large window in our hotel room. It faced the busy boardwalk, and anyone who walked past could see us. I was pressed, face-first to the glass, as he took me from behind. It had been some of the best sex of our lives. Kyle seemed to have a thing for showing off. More specifically, showing *me* off.

"Oh," I said, finally getting the hint.

"Oh, indeed. I think Santa could use a little show." He reached beneath my skirt and tugged. I felt a hole pop in the seat of my stockings. He dragged his finger against the opening, tearing them further. I wasn't wearing panties, and cool air licked my bare haunches, and the back of that thigh. "Oh, look. You have a run in your stockings. Better not bend over too far. Santa will be able to see that perfect ass. His cock might get hard. He might have to go home and beat off."

A small moan escaped my lips, and I shook my head. "You're nuts," I said, "but I like it."

He gave me a deep kiss before stepping back in the shadows of a giant Christmas tree.

Then it was just me and Shaun in the village. The clean-up crew had been reduced to the two of us, so the mall could save money. I found a mound of spilled miniature candy canes and felt a stab of excitement. It gave me a great excuse to show off my ass.

I felt even more cool air through the holes in my tights the moment I bent over. I looked behind me as slyly as possible while gathering up the tiny

# LETTERS

## ↘ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

striped peppermint candy canes.

I saw Shaun stop and stare, and when he thought I wasn't paying attention—but I totally was—he kept swiping his hand across his crotch to deliver some much-needed friction to his erection.

I waggled my ass subtly as I sought out the last few stray candies on the floor.

When I suddenly stood and tossed my hair back, Shaun's body jolted; he was caught red-handed. I simply smiled at him and said, "See you tomorrow, Shaun. It's just the two of us closing again."

I walked around the fence that separated the waiting line from the small village, and Kyle stepped out of the shadows. He hauled me forward, pushed his hands up under my skirt, palmed my ass cheeks and squeezed. He kissed me hard and long, right there where we stood. His mouth traveled down my neck, and I felt his erection pressing against my body.

"He's watching," he said.

He hooked his finger in the stocking run, yanked it, and I felt the tear open up further down the back of my thigh.

I gasped. Kyle just helped me into my coat, laughing softly.

"Tomorrow night," he said, through a chuckle.

The following night I was going bonkers. The hours crept by too slowly. Kyle had refused to tell me what was going to happen. He simply insisted I trust him, which I always did.

That evening, I ushered an endless stream of kids up to Santa, making a point to keep busy. By the time we were done and every employee had left the area but me and Shaun, I was practically climbing out of my skin. I wasn't worried about other mall staffers seeing anything. Santa's village was built up with fake trees, a fence and snow scenes. We were basically hidden within a crazy maze that led to the much-anticipated center.

Kyle stepped out of the shadows as I came toward the fence, sweeping. In my peripheral vision, I saw Shaun pause. When Kyle stepped around the barrier and took the broom from me, I noticed Shaun had frozen. My husband pushed my skirt up and tugged down my brand-new tights. Beneath I wore small black panties. He pushed those down, too. Then he pressed me back against the fence and got down on his knees. He shoved my legs apart as much as the panties would allow and went at me with his mouth. His beard tickled my inner thighs as his tongue slithered along my nether lips. He probed my folds gently and then flicked his tongue over my clit repeatedly, making me practically vibrate with pleasure.

I grabbed the back of his head and forced his mouth against my pussy. I felt the ridge of his teeth pressing almost painfully against my mound.

"Harder," I growled just loud enough for our watcher to hear.

Kyle obeyed, nudging my clit harder with his tongue. Then he sucked it between his lips, drawing on it as if he was working a tiny dick. That idea turned me on, and I thrust against his mouth, urging him to suck me harder.

He did it—all while Santa was watching. Having Shaun there made the moment so much better, made the pleasure that coiled in me brighter and tighter.

Kyle shoved a finger inside me and roughly fucked me with it, rubbing his thumb against my clit.

I cried out as the orgasm hit me, not bothering to stifle myself. The mall was mostly empty, and we were pretty much hidden. And if we weren't…did it matter.

"Fuck me," I growled, knowing damn well Shaun could hear me.

My husband stood, turned me and flipped up the back of my skirt as I clutched the fence tightly. He knocked my legs apart and grabbed my ass cheeks. He squeezed and grunted like an animal, and I nearly swooned. I heard his zipper hiss as he yanked it open, felt the velvety soft skin of his hard cock sweep over my back hole and then find my slick entrance.

He plunged into me fast and hard, his hands gripping the fence on either side of my own clutching hands.

He fucked me like he was trying to drive himself through me. I noticed a gasp that wasn't him or me.

"Hear that?" he whispered in my ear. "Santa is enjoying the show." One hand drifted down to keep my skirt hiked up. I knew Shaun was watching, watching Kyle's cock plunge in and out of my wet cunt.

He bent me further forward, forcing my ass out and causing my tits to nearly pop out of my top. But nearly wasn't enough for Kyle. He reached beneath my body to yank down the bodice of my costume. My breasts fell free, and my nipples grew instantly hard as if the fake snow around my boots was real.

I heard another soft sound that I knew hadn't come from either of us.

I reared back, pushing myself onto Kyle's pistoning dick. I felt the hypnotic slap of his balls against my clit as he humped me. We were two animals fucking in a snowy forest…the thought drifted through my mind as I moaned softly.

Knowing that Shaun was watching, probably helpless to look away, pushed me closer to orgasm. I slipped my hands beneath my skirt and played with my clit, flicking it with a slippery finger, swirling the knot of flesh with hard whorls and pinching it for that precious burst of pleasure mixed with pain.

"I'm going to come," I moaned. "I'm going to come, baby. Fuck me. Fuck me harder." It was an honest request, but I also wanted Shaun to hear.

The loud smack of Kyle's body meeting mine filled my ears. And

**"I KNEW SHAUN WAS WATCHING, WATCHING KYLE'S COCK PLUNGE IN AND OUT OF MY CUNT."**

beneath it, I heard a softer sound. I turned my head slightly, and in my peripheral vision I saw Shaun in the shadows of the biggest Christmas tree, jerking off furiously.

That did me in, the sight of Santa with his dick in his hand. Kyle's fingers bit into the meat of my hips, and the soft rasp of Shaun beating off filled my head. I came long and loud, my pussy milking Kyle's thick cock.

Kyle swore, pulled free of me and tapped his cock against my ass cheek, all the while stroking it. He shot his load on my warm skin with a soft grunt.

I heard a desperate sound from Shaun, knew he was coming and turned to look, as did Kyle. But Shaun had already disappeared. My husband turned to me, grinning.

"Santa must have gone up the chimney. He's gone. But I think he liked our treat. Much better than milk and cookies."

**–A.P., via email**

## SHOWTIME

Before I went away with my girlfriends for a week at an island resort, I presented my husband with an interesting proposition: I would have sex with other people, and he could watch via webcam. It didn't take much convincing–before I even left for the airport, Jason was already referring to me as "my wife, the porn star." His enthusiasm added another layer of excitement to my plan. I wanted to drive him wild.

On the first night, most of my friends decided to turn in early, and my roommate, Trina, headed off to share a bottle of wine with a hot guy she'd chatted up at the bar. That left me plenty of time to get up to no good. I perched myself atop a seat at the bar and nursed a dirty martini as I scoped out the scene.

I noticed a man to my right getting into a tiff with his wife. She was clearly uninterested in the resort's offerings and tersely announced she was going to bed. She specifically ordered that he not wake her when he decided to come back to their room for the night.

Less than a minute later, he slid onto the barstool next to mine and introduced himself as Tim. From the get-go we began to flirt with one another intensely. After our second round of drinks, I reached over to boldly stroke the bulge in Tim's pants. In a strangled voice, he begged me to take him to my room.

Five minutes later we tumbled from the elevator in a panting tangle of limbs and headed to my suite. Once the door clicked shut behind us, I flipped the light switch, and Tim became totally unhinged. He pinned me against the wall, skimming his hands along my rib cage while tugging the top of my dress down savagely with his teeth.

# LETTERS

## ↘ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

I wriggled from his grasp and held up a finger. "I just need one minute," I promised as I slipped into the bathroom.

Once I was alone, I slid my phone from my purse and opened an app to activate the webcam on my computer, which was set up on the desk alongside my bed. The camera's light wouldn't glow, but the app assured me that it was, in fact, recording. A little green icon popped up, letting me know that Jason had received the app's alert and had already signed on to watch the show in real time. *Wow, that was quick*, I thought to myself. *He must be really excited!*

I quickly stashed the phone back in my purse and returned to Tim.

The second I crossed the threshold, Tim grabbed me and began stripping me in a mad haste. Then he swept me off my feet and rushed to the bed, dropping me in the middle of the mattress and covering my body with his. Laughing, I wrapped my legs around his waist.

Careful to project my breathy stage whisper for the camera, I teased, "Someone's awfully impatient."

"You have no idea."

While I had been in the bathroom, Tim had stripped down to his boxer briefs. His thick erection strained the cotton, and his hard dick pressed into my crotch. The tiny bit of pressure was a tease—I needed more. I circled my hips, rubbing his bulge against my pussy lips and making my panties cling to my rapidly slickening slit.

**"I REARED BACKWARD TO IMPALE MYSELF, LOVING THE WAY HE WAS FILLING ME."**

While I tried to grind out an orgasm, Tim feasted on my neck, nibbling and kissing my sensitive flesh.

"Who's impatient now?" he murmured with a chuckle that sent warm breath coursing over the goosebumps covering my flesh. Then he pulled away to flip me onto my hands and knees before pushing down my shoulders, so my face was buried in the pillows and my ass was up high. I felt cool air wafting over my cunt, making me keenly aware of how blatantly exposed I was.

Tim circled a rough fingertip at my entrance before gliding it along the slick lips of my cunt. Up and down, up and down. The repetitious movement made my pussy hotter and wetter. His deep voice rumbled behind me, "I have to taste you."

I shivered upon feeling his breath on my wet cunt and couldn't hold back my moan when his tongue slid along my slit. Though his technique was simple, he sparked a complicated mix of pleasures deep inside me. But no feeling was greater than the illicit joy welling within me from knowing my husband was hundreds of miles away, watching a stranger eating my pussy.

When Tim's fingers breached my center, I was so overcome that I begged him to fuck me. As an answer, Tim stripped off his underwear and reached for his discarded pants to fetch a condom from his pocket.

I was ready for his cock, but Tim was still in the mood to tease. He started finger-banging me once more, adding a second finger and a third to fill me up. He drove his digits in and out of my slick channel so intensely my breath caught in my chest.

Aching for release, I rocked my body back to meet Tim's thrusts. The lewd undulations of my body must've inspired him because he quickly pulled his fingers away from my cunt and jammed his cock in instead. I reared backward to impale myself on his thick shaft, loving the way he was filling me—and hoping my husband could see what was happening.

Just then I heard the door to the room open and slam shut—and then my roommate, Trina, was standing before the bed!

Her face quickly morphed from confused, to mortified, to positively wicked. Stripping her sheer beach cover-up over her head, she waltzed over to the bed. Giving my partner a glance before licking her lips, Trina untied the strings of her bikini bottom and let the material fall to the floor.

She climbed onto the bed and

said, "Lick me, and I won't tell your husband."

Part of me wanted to laugh at her audacious attempt at blackmail. Little did she know Jason was watching all of this unfold from the couch at home. But letting her in on that secret wouldn't be any fun. Instead, I played along, craning my neck to sweep my tongue over her clit. Tim looked like he'd hit the jackpot. He fucked me more intensely as I moaned against my friend's slit.

Trina got into the swing of things quickly, digging her long, manicured fingernails into the back of my head as she pressed her pussy hard against my mouth. I eagerly ate her snatch as she ground it against my face and Tim continued to pummel my pussy with his dick.

I cranked up the speed of my tongue, buzzing my friend's clit. At the same time, I rammed my hips against Tim's, needing him to fuck me harder and faster. This scenario was dirtier than any I could have ever concocted on my own.

Even when Tim's thrusts began to lift my body off the bed, I kept my lips firmly latched onto Trina's clit. My tongue settled into a steady rhythm on her button, and her grip on my hair tightened, her nails dragging across my scalp until it tingled. Taking that as a command to increase my pressure, I sucked her clit between my teeth, rolling my tongue across her throbbing bud. With that Trina climaxed, and her honey flowed down my chin.

The sweet taste of Trina's juice on my tongue led to my own undoing. My walls clamped down hard around Tim's cock, milking his member for all it was worth with my orgasmic spasms. At one point, my body gripped him so tightly that I could feel the telltale pulse of his impending release.

Once sated, Trina became quite an attentive lover. She cupped my breasts and stroked my hair while Tim drove into me repeatedly. Every muscle in my body grew as tight as a bow in anticipation of another sudden orgasm. Then with one long wail, the world faded to black. My pussy twitched until every last ounce of my energy was utterly spent. Meanwhile, Tim was hovering over me, riding the last waves of my release toward his own finale.

With a groan that seemed to shake the faux bamboo rafters above our heads, Tim jammed into me roughly and pumped his hot cream into me. I felt weak and ready to collapse, but two sets of arms reached out to embrace me.

Before I completely caught my breath, Tim planted a kiss on me, then grabbed his clothes and headed out. After he was gone, Trina decided she was in need of a soak in our suite's hot tub.

Once I was alone in the room, my phone chimed.

My husband's text read: "Babe, that was as hot as fuck."

I typed back: "Oh, yeah? What are your thoughts on lesbian sex in a hot tub?"

And just like that, my husband had another scene to enjoy.

**–F.L., via email**

Seeing is believing. When you spy the encounter you've been looking for, let us know about it. Or tell us about the time you had a rapt audience. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.

ANN, KORTNEY & MIA

# WICKED WIVES

WHEN THEIR HUSBANDS ARE AWAY,
THESE SEXY LADIES LET LOOSE.

# "MY GIRLFRIENDS KNOW JUST HOW TO TOUCH ME!"

—KORTNEY

# ANN, KORTNEY & MIA

# ANN, KORTNEY & MIA

# ANN, KORTNEY & MIA

# ANN, KORTNEY & MIA

# TOP 10

## ↘ HEATHER STARLET

## TOP 10 SIGNS YOUR WIFE IS CHEATING

**10.** She starts working late—night after night.
**9.** She keeps changing passwords for her email and social media.
**8.** She leaves the room to talk after she answers the phone.
**7.** You notice more cash withdrawals than usual from your joint account.
**6.** Suddenly, she's interested in sprucing up her appearance.
**5.** She stops opening up about what she did on "girls' night out."
**4.** She flirts with other people in front of you.
**3.** She disappears for long unexplained stretches of time.
**2.** She pulls out a new sex trick you've never seen.
**1.** You found a copy of the tawdry tell-all she sent to *Penthouse Letters!*

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## VARIATIONS

DECEMBER 2017

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# VARIATIONS

## EDITOR'S NOTE

STEPPING out on your spouse opens up a whole new world of fun, according to the lusty letters we receive at *Penthouse Variations!*

This issue's tales of "May/December Affairs" spice up the typical older/younger dynamic with some voyeuristic flair, including a former college buddy sharing his blushing bride, a hot-to-trot cougar shopping for a young buck, and a kinky wife who likes to take a walk on the wild side with her side pieces!

In "Bossed Around," Harrison Wylde shares his tale of hiding in the closet while his executive sweetie takes control of her favorite office boy toy—until he's commanded to come to her orgasmic rescue for some extra relief. Margot Chase spins a sexy fantasy about her horny lesbian wife making some magic with a beautiful actress in "Pussy TV." And in "Wide World of Variations," wild wives spill their secrets, including a woman who sees her passion blossom with a hunky gardener!

Have you had an awesome extramarital fling? Make a vow to tell us all about it at: letters@penthouse.com.

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## OLD TIME'S SAKE

When my best friend from college invited me over to meet his hot new wife, I was excited. Joe and I had a thing back when we were in grad school 20 years ago—not between us, directly. We liked to watch each other get it on with our dates. Nothing got me harder than seeing him bang my girl.

We didn't play that way often. It was hard to find women willing to play along, but when we did, it was hot.

I'd been out of the country on business for the better part of a year and hadn't been able to attend their wedding. I'd yet to meet his beautiful bride, who he'd wed after a whirlwind courtship. But as we chatted on the phone, I could hear in his voice how thrilled he was for me to finally get to know her. He hadn't suggested anything sexual yet, so I didn't want to make assumptions. But I held that hope in my, um, heart as I headed over to their place on the appointed night.

When I was introduced to Holly, I felt an immediate pang. Why hadn't I seen her first? Damn, the girl was a stunner and looked like she'd been a coed just yesterday. She let me into their place, and as she walked away from me, I took in the curves of her hot ass and the swing of her shapely hips.

Her long hair was pinned in a sloppy twist, as if she and Joe had just fucked and she hadn't bothered to do much to pull herself together. It's a style I find extremely erotic—the just-been-fucked look.

Over dinner, I got the lowdown on how the two of them had originally hooked up. I'll admit I was still experiencing a little bit of envy at their erotic energy—it was palpable. Holly was curled up next to Joe so closely that they were practically sitting on the same chair. I tried to pay attention to their story. I know that bubbly feeling of the early stages of love, when all you want to do is explain to everyone how you met, how happy you feel, how the skies are so blue…

Blue. Holly's striking eyes couldn't have been a more beautiful blue. Her lips were full and tempting, too, just to be really unhelpful. All I could think of when she talked was what her lips would feel like wrapped around my cock. But there I was, being a horndog again. I ought to have been happy for Joe, not jealous of him and lusting after his wife. I shook my head and tried to focus.

Joe told me about how they'd met at work. She was a new hire, and he'd tried his best to make her feel welcome.

**"HER ORGASM HAD IGNITED MINE, AND I WAS COMING BEFORE I COULD STOP MYSELF."**

"Boy, did he ever," Holly interjected. "He was eating me out that night in the parking lot."

My eyes must have gone the size of saucers because Joe laughed.

"I told her already," he said in a stage whisper. "About the two us and the way we used to carry on with our dates."

Holly's eyes were alight with passion as she purred, "How long do you think it'll be before *you're* eating me?"

I hoped not too long. That was for sure. I hoped we'd forgo the rest of the dinner and get right to dessert.

"You're really okay with this?" I had to ask Joe.

This wasn't just some chick we'd picked up in a bar. Holly was his wife!

Although I deeply wanted to be deep inside her, I also didn't want to spoil our friendship.

"Yeah," Joe assured me. "I haven't had that feeling in a long time, man. That thrill of watching my woman deep-throat your dick."

Upon hearing his words, my erection expanded, as if that part of my body sensed Joe talking about it.

"All right," I said. "I'm game."

That was all Holly needed to hear. She pushed her chair back, tiptoed around the table and settled herself into my lap. While Joe sat back and watched, Holly ran her fingers through my hair, then nuzzled against me. All those feelings of jealousy I'd had moments before disappeared. Holly was light and lithe in my arms. I could almost picture the heat coming off her in waves—and trust me, she was sizzling.

In no time, she was moving, pushing back and slipping down to the floor so she could have her way with my jeans. She undid my fly like a pro and set my cock free. I found myself caught between staring down at her and looking over at Joe, who was watching me, his face a mask of helpless excitement. That was a look I remembered well. Sex somehow was more intense when Joe was watching me, coming in a close second to the thrill I felt when I was watching him.

But back to Holly. She closed her slick lips around my bulbous cockhead, and I sighed. Then Joe sighed. Her hot, wet mouth slid up and down my dick slowly, coaxing me to full mast.

Holly pulled back from my raging erection to coo, "You're so hard, baby. Do you want to put your cock in my pussy?"

That was a question I didn't need to think about. I nodded, and she stood up, swept the dishes aside and leaned over the table, presenting her fine young ass to me. I reached around her slender frame to fumble with her fly before lowering her shorts. She wasn't wearing panties, and her glistening pussy seemed well primed.

Holly looked at me over her shoulder, with a wicked joy shining in her eyes. "We fucked before you got here. I hope you don't mind."

Sloppy seconds? No, I didn't mind at all.

"And we're going to fuck again," she assured me, "after you leave."

I gripped her hips and slipped right in. She was so wet. It was like coming home—being inside a girl right after Joe had been there. I remembered the pleasure from years before. But that didn't make this time any less special. Joe groaned as he watched me pump my dick into his wife's well-used snatch. I echoed his sound, unable to stop myself.

Joe was transfixed and murmured, "Ah, fuck, man. I missed this. I missed this so much I can't even tell you. Remember that first time?"

I nodded because I couldn't speak. Not with pretty Holly's pussy contracting around my cock. The girl had a vise-like grip on me, and I liked it.

But images from the past filled my head: Joe bringing a comely brunette home with him. The three of us getting a little silly before coming up with the idea to take turns. Had that been 20 years ago? I came back to the present as Holly came on my cock, crying out Joe's name as my climax rocked me. Her orgasm had ignited mine, and I was coming before I could stop myself. I continued to pump into her, reaching around to finger her clit. She creamed a second time, her spasming cunt sucking the last bits of come right out of me.

After that, I had to blink a few times to clear my head. I was practically gasping for breath. But I looked at Joe and said, "Yeah, man. I remember the first time. And I'll always remember my first time with Holly."

Joe grinned as Holly said breathlessly, "Trust me—the next time will be even better!"

**—N.R., Dallas, Texas**

## ROAR

My wife is two decades older than me, but you wouldn't know that by the way she looks. She makes 45 look like 25, I swear. With her crisp blonde curls and her swimmer's body, Shelby turns heads wherever we go, from beach to boardwalk to barbecue.

Last night, I noticed a man in the produce section of the market watching my wicked wife sashaying while she shopped—and she was well aware of his obvious lust for her. It lit a fire in her. My wife is the sexiest predator this side of the animal kingdom.

I was standing a few feet away with a cart, and I kept my distance. I like to watch my woman in action. Every type of action. She had her prey in her sights and was on his scent. I was certain the stranger wouldn't know what hit him.

The man was about my age, and he was definitely charmed by her as she fondled long, curved bananas and caressed fuzzy peaches. She kept passing him, moving a little too close for comfort—or just close enough, perhaps. Finally, he got up the nerve to ask her a question. That's when I walked away entirely.

Shelby would make it happen. I was sure. It was time for me to head to our house. I figured she'd have her new friend drive her home, or she'd call me for a ride. When my phone didn't ring right away, I started to get a good feeling about the evening ahead and awaited further instruction from my wild wife.

We'd been planning on a quiet dinner at home. But suddenly a more delicious option was on the menu.

Sometimes, I stay off-site—or out of sight—when Shelby "entertains." Other times, she is upfront with her lovers about the fact that her husband likes to watch her screw other men.

I was pacing impatiently, wondering what she'd tell her latest conquest, when I received her text: "His name is Sven. He's an exhibitionist. He can't wait for you to watch him in action."

Well, that made things easy. I poured myself a glass of whiskey and waited. I imagined what Shelby and Sven were doing in the car on the way home. Were they kissing and petting at every stoplight? Was she telling him about the different lovers she's paraded through our home during the past two years? Or was my crafty wife pretending this was a brand-new experience for us? She'd

# VARIATIONS

## ↘ MAY/DECEMBER AFFAIRS

tell me later, and I couldn't wait to hear about it all.

The front door finally opened, and the two lovebirds strolled in. Sometimes those first few seconds can be uncomfortable for Shelby's men. They want to make sure that I'm only interested in watching—that I'm not looking to fuck them, too. I have zero interest in doing guys; I only want to see them do my hot wife.

I shook Sven's hand, and after a little small talk, he said, "I saw you watching me talk to your wife. I could tell you two were together. That interested me."

*So far so good*, I thought. Then things got even better. We didn't make it to the kitchen. We didn't make it to the bedroom. Sven started to undress Shelby right there in the foyer. Not in a poetic way with his eyes, but with his very real hands. He was adept at working the buttons on her blouse, and he had her bountiful breasts revealed in moments. I watched, leaning against the wall in a kind of happy awe, as he lifted her tits to his mouth and took turns kissing and licking them, biting her nipples now and then. Shelby almost swooned. I could see her legs trembling, and I thought she might melt into the floor.

Sven came to her rescue, lifting her in his arms and casting me a glance. I motioned with my chin. "The loving room is right this way," I said. Shelby giggled at my error. "I mean, living room," I stammered.

"Same thing," Sven said, winking at me.

The night was going even better than I'd dreamed it would. When I'd sensed the connection between the two at the store, I had no idea that within the hour I'd be watching Sven bend my naked wife over the sofa and fuck her.

Shelby leaned over the couch, her lean legs taut and her perky ass thrust high. Wasting no time, he slid his long dick into her juicy slit. I listened to the noises caused by their colliding bodies, as intrigued by the wet suction sounds of her plump pussy lips around his pole as I was by the sight of their connection.

Then the show kicked up a notch. With a swivel, my wife moved the two of them, positioning her new lover so that Sven was seated and she was in his lap, facing me. As she bounced up and down on her tantalizing boy toy, I was able to witness Sven's mammoth cock rocketing in and out of her slippery snatch.

Shelby's face was etched with ecstasy. I love watching my wife's pleasure build. Seeing how she brims over with true passion is what really gets me off.

Yes, I can imagine her fucking as many different lovers as I want. But watching is different from fantasizing. Seeing a real, live dick growing shiny with her wetness as she rides it makes my own desperate hard-on press firmly against my zipper.

That night was no different.

My only decision was whether or not I would wait to relieve myself. Did I give in and jack off while watching, or did I save my pleasure for later?

I chose the latter, so I could focus on memorizing every sigh she made, every moan he released. Sven pinched her nipples at one point, and she cried out my name. That made my dick even harder. Another man was inside her, but she was thinking about me.

When he came, she pulled forward and let him slide slowly free. His breath was coming fast, and he seemed a little less sure of himself than when he'd arrived. I think that's because of Shelby's magic. She had made him feel so good, he'd lost a little of himself inside her. And not just literally.

But now it was time for him to leave.

There were quick good-byes, hurried promises to hook up again in the future, and then Shelby showed him to the door. Now, it was my turn. I spread my wife on the living room carpet and let her feel how hard she'd made me. She pressed her firm thighs against my body as I slammed my dick into her again and again. I appreciated the gliding wetness left by Sven. But even more than that, I appreciated the fact that my wife had saved her orgasm for me. She let me know when she was on the verge, so that we could come together. The erotic ripples were thrilling. I felt like I was part of a wave, part of a tide, as the sexy intensity pulsed through us both.

From now on, I'm pretty sure that our living room will always be known as the "Loving Room." And I know that I'll always love every minute I spend there with Shelby.

**–V.S., St. Paul, Minneapolis**

## HORNY HOUSEGUEST

My wife asked me if I'd mind going out on Saturday morning. At first, I thought she wanted me to run some errands. But then she batted those long lashes of hers, and I got the gist. Still, I asked for clarification, just to be sure.

"Why?" I asked.

"I wanted…well, I wanted to set up something special for you."

I looked at her, torn. Part of me wanted to ask more questions. The other part reminded me that I like to be surprised.

"How long do you need to get settled?"

She looked at her watch. Then she stared at the bedroom wall. She seemed to be calculating. Finally, she said. "Come home at noon. But don't make a lot of noise, okay?"

My dick got instantly hard. Her "something special" usually involved a young man banging her honeypot–for my entertainment.

Bonnie is 25 to my 50. She tends to have trysts with fellas who are closer to her age than mine. What that means for me is that I get to watch two hardbodies fuck. But my favorite part is coming home and capturing them together. Even when I know what I'll find, in theory, I delight in discovering the details.

See, Bonnie is kinky. I don't mean she's kinky because she likes to pick up stray men for me to watch her fuck. She also likes being tied down. She's into ropes and cuffs, leather and lace. Sometimes, she finds men who want to spank her, and she's down with that. So maybe I'd come home to her fucking some stud, but if I had to place a bet, I'd wager on seeing more than that.

I could have gone to the coffee shop to wait. But I was amped up plenty without the caffeine. Any more adrenaline, and I might have shot off into the stratosphere. I could have gone to the gym, or the hardware store, or even the library. But what I ended up doing was taking a walk around the neighborhood and coming back early. That's how I wound up outside our bedroom window, watching from the yard as the show began. I knew Bonnie wouldn't have a problem with this. I only wondered when, and if, she'd notice my presence.

Turns out, she was blindfolded, which made the noticing pretty much impossible. I could see her easily through the slats of the window blinds. Her man was tall and lean, and I spied a gym bag by the bed, so I thought at first that she might have picked him up at the health club. But the duffle was unzipped, and I was able to see its contents. The bag wasn't stuffed with sneakers or workout gear. I spied cuffs! I'd arrived just in time to see him bind Bonnie's wrists in front of her. The window was cracked slightly, and I craned to hear any conversation they might be engaging in.

Oh, man. He was telling her he was going to spank her ass and then give her a fucking she'd remember. I wondered if he knew she was married. What had Bonnie told him about her life? Would he think he'd have to go easy on her ass because of her husband? Or had she told him that her spouse enjoyed seeing another man's

**"HIS HAND REPEATEDLY MET HER TUSH, AND SHE CRIED OUT PASSIONATELY."**

# VARIATIONS

## ↘ MAY/DECEMBER AFFAIRS

**"I COULD CLEARLY SEE THE MAN'S ROD ROCKET IN AND OUT OF HER REAR CHANNEL."**

palm marks on her comely rump?

I guessed the latter, because the stranger quickly bent Bonnie over his lap and began to punish her ass cheeks. He didn't appear to be holding back in the slightest. His hand repeatedly met her tush, and she cried out passionately with every blow. When he decided she'd had enough, he pushed her onto the bed and stripped. I hoped I'd be able to see the action from my spot. I looked around and found an old block of wood. Stepping up on that gave me the height I needed to witness the next part of the event.

The man had told her he was going to spank her and then screw her. What he hadn't told my sweet young wife was where and how he was going to drill her. He pulled a bottle of lube from his bag. Then I heard him tell Bonnie to part her ass cheeks wide for him. My wife gasped. It was a sound of pure and undiluted desire.

It was a noise I've heard before.

My wife's lover rubbed lube all around her backdoor, and then he proceeded to give her the pounding he'd promised. But instead of slipping his tool into her pussy, he reamed her ass. I undid my jeans and grasped my cock, slowly stroking myself as I watched this hot young buck fuck my bride's behind.

From my position, I could clearly see the man's rod rocket in and out of her rear channel. I was mesmerized. Bonnie started to touch herself, but the man barked at her to stop because he hadn't given her permission. She paused for a moment, then tweaked her clit once more. This won her a fresh series of blows on her beautiful hind end. Bonnie seemed to appreciate the spanking in tandem with the ass-fucking because she started to come.

Watching her climax sent me over the edge. I found myself shooting my load against the wall of the house. I supposed Bonnie's lover came as well. He grunted and shouted, and eventually pulled out. I stayed quiet until he'd removed Bonnie's blindfold. He gave her a gruff half-hug, and then took his bag and left. I heard a car pulling out of our driveway. Then I rapped on the window. Bonnie hurried over to open it.

"Were you there the whole time?" she asked, with her eyes aglow and her cheeks flushed.

"From the first spank to the last smack," I said.

"Far from the last." She grinned. "I think I might deserve another."

I wholeheartedly agreed, and I knew by the time the night was through, she'd have another rock-hard dick pounding her perfect ass.

**–L.O., San Diego, California**

Have you had a sexy older lover who showed you the ropes? Or are you a cougar on the prowl with a tale to tell? Either way, we want to hear about it! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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# "I HAD ALAN PEGGED FROM THE START—HE'S A TRUE SUB."

—TIFFANY

# BOSSED AROUND

Hiding in the shadows, Harrison watches his imperious wife dominate her favorite office boy toy.

**By Harrison Wylde**

My wife was working late. Again. So said the text I received from her when I was about to start my commute home.

I knew what that message *really* meant.

The simple sentence told me that Mary was going to top her favorite employee—and if he behaved, I might get to see her fuck him! A thrill ran through me. I checked the clock on the dash as I calculated how long it would take me to get to her office. Her first text was followed by a second: "I know you won't mind."

I sat in my car in the parking lot, thinking: *No, I don't. I don't mind at all*. I could already see her in my mind, punishing Raif for some misdeed—real or imagined. He loves being chastised by my wife. The major thing is that he doesn't know that I know about their kinky affair. This adds a crucial spice to the already erotic relationship between me and my dirty-minded woman.

I wondered what Raif would do if he realized that I did know about the two of them. For sure, he might treat me differently. As it is, he's coolly aloof whenever I see him. Deferential, maybe. But there is a little of the cat who ate the canary in the smiles he gives me when we shake hands.

The implication being that he knows something I don't.

When the truth is the stark opposite.

I recalled the last time I'd seen the two of them together—the way Mary had used Raif's own belt to bind his wrists together before smacking his tight ass with a wooden ruler. She had really striped him, telling him that he couldn't come until she granted him permission, explaining that what she wanted from him after working hours was total obedience.

"You be good for me, Raif," she'd insisted when he'd moaned and lurched forward, as if fucking an invisible woman. "Don't you let me down."

I'd been able to see only the back view of him. How I'd longed to watch his face change as the wood met his skin. But even the viewpoint I had was appealing. My dick was hard and my breath came faster with every blow, almost as if I was the one who was being punished.

**"MY BREATH CAME FASTER WITH EVERY BLOW, ALMOST AS IF I WAS BEING PUNISHED."**

The man didn't stand a chance. The ruler clearly was bringing him to the brink. He couldn't stifle his orgasm when it was ready to break. He'd infuriated my wife by not only disobeying her direct order—he'd also come all over her desk, ruining the blotter. I was the one who went to the stationery store for her to buy a replacement, and I'd practically come in my pants while remembering the agitated look on Mary's face when Raif had shot his load.

She doesn't appreciate a mess—and, boy, had he paid for that! The spanking she'd delivered after that was no doubt forever burned into his memory. I know it's something I won't soon forget!

From our years together, Mary and I have honed the perfect way to enhance both of our desires. I like watching her toy with other men, and she enjoys fucking them while she knows I'm there, close enough to see everything, yet unable to act on my desires.

She would take care of Raif whether I was there or not. If I missed my opportunity to watch, she'd simply tell me about their time together afterward and punish me for not catching the show. After one time I'd been MIA, she'd made me wear a chastity belt for an entire weekend. Another time, she'd oiled up a butt plug and had me wear the thing to work. Every motion that day had been pure torture for me. But at least, when I got home that night, she'd removed the toy with a pop and took care of me with a strap-on and a handjob.

My release had been sweet. I can still remember the freedom of finally coming all over our bedsheets. Of course, afterward I was forced to scrub the sheets by hand, wearing nothing but an apron. Before I hung them on the line to dry, she'd attached wooden clothespins to my nipples. She'd tugged on them repeatedly until I came again.

I had plenty of time to recall that lovely liaison because traffic was hellish. My hard-on was pulsing in my slacks the whole time. But I finally made it to her office and pulled into the underground parking lot, awaiting my wife's next instruction.

I quickly glanced at my phone. She'd sent one more text that simply stated: "Conference room."

Quickly, I made my way to the bank of elevators. I noticed my reflection in the mirrored wall on the ride up. My

hair was neatly combed. My suit was finely pressed. There was nothing in my outward appearance to suggest that I was about to do something kinky. After all, what does one wear to sneak into the closet in a conference room to watch his wife and her lover? Apparently, a well-tailored, custom-made suit.

I rushed down the empty hall to the room in question. All of the offices I passed along the way were dark now, but I saw a light shining from under Mary's door. I was as quiet as possible, and I hoped she had Raif busy in some way so that he wouldn't be paying attention to the muffled sound of my footfalls on the thick hallway carpet.

Perhaps she was having him give her cunt a tongue bath. Maybe she was watching while he polished her high heels one lick at a time. I rushed down the hall, catching my reflection in the framed art that lined the walls. I knew exactly where I was headed from past encounters. The only thing I had on my mind was to hide—and fast.

I made it to the room and hurried to my spot. I left the door to the supply closet open just the tiniest bit. I was sure that Raif wouldn't notice. After all, he never had before.

Now, all I had to do was wait. I leaned against the wall in the cool darkness. Then I took off my suit jacket to make myself more comfortable. As soon as the door to the room creaked open, I unzipped the fly of my slacks. When I heard the purr of Mary's voice, I pulled out my hard cock. Now, it was all about positioning, about where would she place the two of them. Sometimes, she purposely keeps them out of my line of vision—forcing me only to hear, which is a thrilling kind of torture.

But that night she must have been in a generous frame of mind because I could see everything. She had Raif on all fours, already naked. His ass was covered with angry red marks. She'd likely whipped him in her office with his very own belt, too hot to wait for my arrival. I liked the thought of him crawling behind her down the hall, entirely naked and thoroughly punished. I wished I'd been able to see that. But instead of mourning what I'd missed, I focused on the scene unfolding in front of me. I had a front-row seat to my wife's wickedness. *Yes, Ma'am.*

And that's exactly what Raif said. "Yes, Ma'am," was his response when Mary asked if his dick was hard. She knew it was stiff. She could see for herself that he was at full mast. But she always likes making her subs talk. Even when one of her playthings is going down on her and has a mouthful of her pussy, she still demands answers to her questions. She gets off on making life difficult for her lovers—and any one of them would walk across hot coals to please her, including me.

"Are you fully erect?" she asked him.

"Oh yes, Ma'am," Raif replied. I wondered if he thought she was going to do something about his hard-on. I could see Mary's eyes. They were burning bright, glowing with dangerous desire. She was going to make him work for his orgasm. I could tell, even if Raif could not. Perhaps he was too dazed by lust. He seemed to be lost in heady subspace already.

"Get me off," she commanded.

That was it. Three words. Raif looked up at her, and I could tell he wished she'd offered more particular instructions about how he should accomplish the job.

Raif began his quest tentatively. He licked the toe tip of one of her black high heels. Mary didn't respond verbally, but I saw her lips twitch in a not-quite-repressed smile. She loves to see her subs tongue-bathe her shoes. Since she hadn't told him to stop, Raif continued, moving slowly upward. He kissed along the lines of her lean muscles, then moved to lick and kiss the backs of her knees. This gesture would have sent me skyward. I'm deeply sensitive. Mary is, too, but she kept her composure. I could tell she appreciated how much attention he was giving to his task.

# VARIATIONS

## ↘ FEMALE DOMINATION

Raif then made an adventurous move. He boldly reached his hands up under her dress. I held my breath, awaiting her response. But Mary didn't even flinch. She coolly observed as he pulled her nylon panties down her thighs. A different type of lover would have stepped out of the undies to make things easier for her man. But my Mary stood still, leaving the undies bunched around her shoes. Raif resumed his kissing games. He slowly pushed her dress upward as he let his tongue move from one leg to the other—back and forth, higher and higher. When he reached her cunt, he gazed directly up at her. The expression on his face revealed the questions racing through his mind: Did she want his tongue on her clit? Did she want him to part her lips with his hands? Would she let him sip from her honeypot?

He didn't dare risk her wrath. "Mistress, may I?" he asked, with a nod toward her pussy.

Mary nodded, setting a hand on his head as she ordered, "Don't stop until I come."

Excitedly, I started to work my hand up and down my cock. Raif made sloppy slurping noises as he lapped at her clit. He looked almost as if he was trying to French-kiss her cunt—in fact, that seemed to be what he was doing. Mary shut her eyes. A wave of jealousy—brief, but definitely fierce—shivered through me. I wanted her juices coating my tongue. But I told myself to be patient. Mary is mine forever. She could be Raif's for that brief moment. Or, more correctly, he could be hers.

Her boy toy upped his efforts, and I continued to watch in a blaze of excitement as he drove her closer and closer to orgasm.

Then he did the unexpected. He licked one finger and brought his hand around behind her to massage her tight back hole while he continued to lick her clit. Mary likes that. Even though I don't get to fuck her ass often, she definitely appreciates having all of her orifices well attended.

Raif's actions unlocked a fierce desire in my wife. She stepped out of the tangle of her panties, spun around and bent over the polished wooden table. She held her plush rear cheeks open and barked her next command: "Tongue-fuck my asshole!"

Raif didn't hesitate. He moved quickly behind her, and he began to wedge his tongue into her rear opening. At least, I assumed he was. I couldn't see the exact insertion because his face was in the way. But I guessed that's what he was doing because Mary started to sigh and praise him as she rammed her ass back against his face. Then she said, "Play with your own asshole while you lick mine."

**"I FOCUSED ON THE SCENE. I HAD A FRONT-ROW SEAT TO MY WIFE'S WICKEDNESS."**

That I could see. Raif did what she'd ordered without balking. He was touching his anus and tonguing hers, and the whole scene was so exciting I had to avert my eyes for a moment. I was sure that I would come on the carpet if I didn't get myself together. While I had my eyes downcast, trying to gather my composure, Mary came. The sounds of her pleasure ricocheted around the room. There was silence for a moment. Then I peeked back through the opening. She had Raif on his back on the table. She was tugging his cock with one hand and diddling his butt hole with the other. He looked as if he wanted to come but wanted to wait at the same time, as if the pleasure was so blindingly beautiful he never wanted it to end.

Apparently, she wasn't ready for it to end, either.

"I like playing with you," she said quietly. "But I'll stop if I think you're going to come. And if you come without my permission, forget about fucking me tonight."

But Raif was too far gone! The words had barely left her lips when he began shooting a geyser of cream into the air.

Mary ended things quickly after that. She never goes back on her word. Raif was instructed to go to her office, dress and leave. I could see he felt ashamed—and I guessed he was probably sticky, too. Mary assured him that she'd deal with his transgressions at their next rendezvous. Then she settled back in one of the conference chairs and put her feet up on the table. I stayed where I was. She knew I was there. But I guessed she was waiting for Raif to leave the building before she made her next move.

I hoped she'd let me take over where Raif had left off. I didn't want to get myself too excited, but the thought of fucking Mary while she was still riding high from playing with a love slave was very arousing to me.

After what felt like an eternity, Mary pushed back her chair and walked to my hiding spot. With a flourish, she opened the closet door to reveal me standing there with my pants open.

She challenged, "Do you think you can do a better job than Raif?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Let's see."

She had me totally stripped in no time—and she took off all of her own clothes, as well. Then I was kissing my way up her body, just as Raif had done, before focusing on her clit. Perhaps it was because she'd already had one orgasm, but she was definitely well primed. I got her off with my tongue in the best way I

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know how. She was fisting my hair and quickly crying out my name. My desperate cock throbbed against my thigh. She then put me in the same position Raif had been in: on the table, on my back. She manhandled me thoroughly. I held myself entirely still. I would not make the same mistake Raif had. I would not climax without my Mary's direct permission.

That said, it was difficult. She tugged on my dick and played with my hole, and I bit my lip and forced my breathing to remain slow and steady. I would not come. That was my mantra. I would not. I would not. I would not.

She poked a fingertip into my asshole.

I would not come.

She slid her spit-slickened finger past my backdoor.

No. I would not ejaculate.

She jerked my cock slowly and skillfully, matching the hypnotic rhythm with which she finger-fucked my ass.

I shut my eyes. I couldn't look at her any longer. I thought of Raif, shooting that white geyser into the air. That wouldn't be me. I longed to lose my load inside Mary's snatch. If I came without her direct consent, I could kiss that pleasure goodbye—for God knows how long.

Finally, she gave a throaty laugh. Mary withdrew her finger and released my dick. "Good boy," she said, and my heart seemed winged. "You may fuck me."

Hallelujah!

I had endured and would receive my reward. I slid off the table, and Mary bent herself over its edge. Then I got behind her, placed my hands on her svelte waist and drove my dick home. When Mary gives me permission to fuck her, I am allowed to do so any way I want—as soft and sweet, or as hard and fast, as I desire.

That night I slammed into her to the hilt. Mary's sigh was a shuddering sound of true ecstasy that warmed my soul. I plowed her again and again, and as I fucked her, I thought of the way she'd acted with Raif. How she'd teased and tormented him—and then sent him away.

There was no reward for Raif—but there was one for me, her most treasured pet. She rubbed her clit with one hand while I worked her. Then her muscles were tightening on my dick, letting me know she was a beat away from climaxing. And then she came in a great rush that had her shivering and crying out.

"You may," she said, her voice quivering with the power of her release.

She knew how hard it was for me to hold back, how much I longed to please her.

I climaxed as soon as she granted me permission, filling her up. As pleasure and gratitude flooded my body, I was already looking forward to the next time my Mary would work overtime.

# PUSSY TV

A producer fantasizes about her actress wife having an award-worthy hookup.

**By Margot Chase**

Producing and airing a lesbian soap opera would be an Amazonian feat, but it was my fondest dream. I knew I might not be successful in making it real, but that never stopped me from working toward it. While I have yet to achieve my goal, I have often fantasized about it, and when I did my daydreams went something like this…

As hard as it was for me and my crew to get the project off the ground, our undertaking was praised by many as "bold" and "groundbreaking." But as the producer and director of the show, I'll tell you what else it was: some crazy sexy fun.

I was regularly asked how I dealt with having my wife on the show. Jeanie was the star, and her character was a hot, unattached, swaggering socialite/neurologist—I told you this was a soap opera!—who hopped in and out of bed with a variety of female costars. The love scenes were as steamy as TV would allow.

A male reporter once asked me, "Ms. Chase, as a woman, do those bedroom scenes make you uncomfortable?"

I gave him a long stare, then queried: "You think the situation would be different if I had a dick?" I let him squirm, before adding, "As a person, they do not." Which was the truth.

The rest of the truth, which I left unspoken, was that I fucking loved watching Jeanie getting it on with other women. The hotter her partners and the more intense the sex scenes, the better. I was the one who'd pushed for her character to be a flagrant pussyhound.

A little background on me and Jeanie—and this part is no fantasy. It's all true.

I met her in college, where she was studying acting and I was working on my film/TV major. Jeanie was—and certainly still is—a stunningly gorgeous woman. She had a taut physique, silky hair and features that would have suited a Greek goddess.

But there was also nothing phony about her. Her face, for all its beauty, had real character. She looked like an actual person, not some manufactured Hollywood idea of a hot woman. She was very genuine with her feelings, as well.

**"JEANIE LICKED HER AWHILE, AS MY FINGERTIPS TEASED MY OWN DAMP CLEFT."**

When she said something, she meant it. When she felt something, she really felt it—and let everyone know exactly how much.

When she turned her sexual attention on me, I sensed the crackling energy of her and was drawn irresistibly to it. I think it took about one come-hither look from her and I was ready to jump into the sack.

But Jeanie had a stipulation. "Look, Margot, I like you and I want to fuck your brains out." My pussy purred at that. She continued to add, "But I like sex with lots of women. You think you can handle that?"

By then I was already halfway in love with her. I could even imagine a life together with her beyond school. I decided then and there it was time to put up. "Why don't you have sex with another woman while I watch? Before you and I even make love. I'll prove I can handle it!"

I didn't add that the idea also excited the hell out of me. Grinning, Jeanie agreed.

It turned out, though, there wasn't anyone on hand who was adventurous enough to fool around with her while I stood by the bed and watched. So we decided on a covert operation. I hid in a closet. Jeanie brought a girl to her room. She was smoking hot, her cinnamon skin flawless and her tits almost as generous as Jeanie's.

Crouching in my hidey-hole, I stared eagerly out through the cracked door as the two stripped. It was my first time seeing Jeanie naked, and all the promise of her body was there—the lush curves, the toned muscles. Her pink nipples stood out as stiffly as the other woman's dusky ones.

Jeanie pulled her onto the bed, and they kissed, their tongues tangling. I heard the sweet slurping sounds. I reached into my jeans and started rubbing myself through my dampened panties. Rising pleasure raised gooseflesh on my body.

I continued to watch avidly as the two women traded off sucking each other's breasts. With my other hand, I felt up my own tits. It was incredibly exciting to be the secret observer (secret to Jeanie's partner, anyway). The whole thing felt wonderfully forbidden. I had always dreamed of doing something like this, but the opportunity had never come up. Now it was happening with Jeanie, a woman I really cared about! The combination was intoxicating.

They moved on to fingering one

another. The other girl trailed her fingertips up and down Jeanie's streaming, hairless groove. Jeanie jammed two fingers into her fuck-friend. She worked that pussy hard, twisting her hand to ream it out nicely.

I quietly unsnapped my jeans and shucked them halfway down my thighs, so I could stick a couple of digits into my own flowing cleft. My mounting excitement matched what I saw on the other woman's face, which contorted with pleasure. Jeanie finger-fucked her mercilessly. Finally, the girl cried out with climactic bliss.

As Jeanie slid her fingers from the woman's pussy and began to lick them clean, my own orgasm broke over me. I clenched my teeth to stay silent, feeling the deep ecstasy consume me.

On Jeanie's bed, the two lovely females moved into a 69. The burgeoning filmmaker in me wanted to line up a better angle, wanted to set the lighting to more seductive hues. But the rest of me savored the voyeuristic thrill of the situation. Jeanie was on top. Her partner licked her pussy from below, her tongue parting Jeanie's glistening lips to stab up into the luscious pink interior.

Jeanie writhed on top of the other woman, feasting on her pussy at the same time. She jammed her tongue in. The other woman reached up to shyly finger Jeanie's asshole. Jeanie responded by sinking a finger into the woman's butt, right up to the first knuckle. She slid it in and out as she continued to tongue-fuck her friend's pussy.

When they came, it was a mutual sexual eruption. They hung on to each other and quaked through their climaxes. I participated in the moment, too, drenching my fingers and swaying on my feet from the intensity of the physical joy.

While Jeanie sent her lover on her way, I set the state of my outfit straight. Then Jeanie opened the closet door—no symbolism there, I'd been out of the closet for years—and took me to the rumpled bed. She eyed me closely, to see how I had handled the spectacle.

I seized her face in my hands and desperately licked the other woman's pussy juice off it. Then we kissed furiously, with a blazing passion. Jeanie hastily undressed me, and naked, we tumbled together onto her bed. I fingered and sucked and licked her for hours. She did the same to me. She broke out her toys, and we treated each other to a marathon of dildo-fucking. I even put on her favorite strap-on and fucked her ass until she shouted with ecstasy.

That first experience bound us together in a profound way. We repeated that scenario as often as we could and generally relished one another's company. It was no great surprise to anyone that we got married shortly after we'd graduated from the university.

We hit L.A. together, determined to break into the film industry. Already Jeanie had garnered a serious reputation as an actress with stage work she'd done. I landed a gig helping to shoot a series of commercials. I managed to get Jeanie cast in one. After that, there was no looking back.

Back to my soap opera fantasy…

Naturally, it took years to get our dream project on the air. We had to fight hard, but there was a groundswell of interest from the public. Hollywood suits finally caved and let us make the damn thing.

At first, it was a cult success, attracting the kind of rabid fandom

# VARIATIONS

## ↘ LESBIANISM

usually reserved for science-fiction shows. But soon it became a bona fide hit. People, it turned out, were more than ready for a serial melodrama about the lives and loves of modern women who happened to sleep with other women.

Jeanie was brilliant in the lead role. I say that as a wife *and* a producer. Though we dealt in sensational story lines with all sorts of loony plot twists, Jeanie kept the series grounded with her awesome acting ability. Her character might seem ridiculous on the surface, but Jeanie played her with depth and nuance.

Also, it helped that viewers tuned in every week to see what woman she was going to pounce on next. I looked forward to that, too. But it was even better for me, since I got to see the real action behind the scenes whenever life imitated art.

Lots of actresses had played opposite Jeanie by now, including some major, award-winning players. Our series, apparently, was the one show in which big-name women in Hollywood ached to appear. It made a certain sense. We had great writers, nearly all female, and they wrote meaty parts that let serious actresses show off their dramatic chops.

But every so often we would hit a bump. During one of those weeks, Jeanie's on-screen love interest was a terrific actress named Brianna. Over the first couple days she'd killed with her scenes. Then came the time for her bedroom moment with Jeanie.

Brianna kept clanking it, freezing up in the middle of a take or doing such a bad job nobody would want to watch her performance. I called it a day. We could try again in the morning.

I told Brianna that everyone has bad days and she shouldn't worry about it. The set cleared, but Jeanie and Brianna stayed behind. I slipped off to the control room to give them some space. One of the great things about Jeanie as a professional was that she cared not only about herself, but about whoever else was involved in the show, right down to the last gofer.

She was also damn good at coaching a troubled performer through a rough patch. In the control room, I flipped on the monitors. A few lights were still on over the set. Jeanie was talking to Brianna. I settled into a chair and turned on the audio. None of the cameras were recording, but I could see and hear everything.

In a soothing tone, Jeanie said, "Your character basically falls in love with mine, despite us being professional rivals. You've done everything else fantastically.

**"SHE THRUST HER PUSSY AGAINST MY WIFE'S MOUTH, SMEARING JUICE ALL OVER."**

I know you can make this last scene work brilliantly."

I had multiple monitors. I focused in on the two women and saw that Brianna was almost in tears.

"I'm...I'm sorry," she sputtered. "I know I should be able to do this. But–" She bit her lip, then blurted out, "I've never had sex with another woman!"

I clapped a hand over my mouth to keep from braying laughter, even though they never would have heard me down on the set. Plenty of straight actresses had been on our show, and they'd all played convincing lesbians–mostly because they were just playing people.

Jeanie didn't laugh. She was nothing but sympathetic. She suggested they talk through the scene, just the two of them, all alone on the set. Jeanie no doubt knew I was in the booth, but Brianna needed the illusion of privacy.

They spoke their lines. The dialogue, as usual, was rather hot. Jeanie got Brianna to make a few "aaahs" and "ooohs" in lieu of any physical contact for the culmination of the scene. Brianna giggled, which was better than crying.

Then Jeanie suggested they walk it through–from the bedroom doors, to the chairs where they would drink champagne, then across to the lavish bed. They didn't need to touch or kiss, Jeanie said.

They played the scene, both of them

still in their costumes of skintight dresses and heels. Brianna was excellent, getting more into her lines as she went. Jeanie responded with acting fire of her own.

In my remote chair I was responding, too. Brianna was a gorgeous woman, with captivating eyes and a smoldering figure. I slipped my hand between my legs and gently grazed my pussy through my leggings. When the two women moved toward the bed, I figured they would stop in another second or two.

But at the bedside Brianna flung herself into Jeanie's arms and put her mouth firmly against my wife's. Jeanie, staying in character, didn't act surprised, but I whooped—in joy and anticipation.

Their kiss deepened, just enough for daytime TV. Then Brianna pivoted and drew Jeanie onto the big bed, as the script had specified. The two women continued to kiss and started to roll around together.

That was where the scene was supposed to cut. If Brianna could do it that well when the cameras were rolling, we would have a hot, successful scene indeed. But the two lovely ladies didn't break their lip-lock. Maybe Brianna was so invested in her character she was just carrying on the way she would have if the situation were real. Jeanie didn't let up either, but I wasn't sure whether that was due to her acting skills or her ever increasing passion.

The women's activities swiftly became too racy for TV. Their tongues flashed, and Brianna let out a hungry moan. She tentatively put her hand on Jeanie's right tit. She squeezed it with more confidence after Jeanie gave her grunting encouragement.

Desire boiled up in me, leaving my lower lip quivering. With shaky hands, I flung off my shirt and shimmied out of my pants. I sat naked, gazing hungrily into the array of views available to me.

Brianna's hands were now boldly roving my wife's luscious body, groping her ass through the tight dress. Jeanie

tugged down the top of Brianna's garment, baring her firm tits. Jeanie waited to see how her costar would react. Brianna grabbed hold of Jeanie's head and pulled her mouth down to her breast.

I zoomed in with various views, close enough that I could spy Brianna's engorged nipples as Jeanie's tongue and teeth worked them. The producer in me winced a little at how wrinkled their dresses were becoming, but as a voyeuristic woman, I savored every instant of the smoking action.

Still, I was relieved when they got themselves out of their costumes. Now I was gazing at a panoply of nude female flesh. Both women were beautiful. What I was seeing was utterly real, which was a thousand times more fun than watching my succulent wife's character bed-hop every week in pretend-land.

Jeanie's passions were at full throttle, and Brianna had left her inhibitions far in the rearview mirror. She was tearing down the Lezzie Highway, all of it caught on Pussy TV. My mind whirled with the meta glory of it.

Brianna took her turn suckling on Jeanie's tits. The act seemed to come naturally. Jeanie groaned appreciatively at her busy mouth, jamming her breast hard against her lover's lips. Brianna nibbled on the stiff nipples, making my wife moan loudly.

I cupped my own tits, squeezing them and tweaking my nips in time to Brianna's efforts, relishing the expression of lust on Jeanie's face. I loved her so much. It thrilled me to see her so utterly lost in passion.

When Jeanie started kissing her way down Brianna's taut body, I eagerly spread my legs. Dampness was already flowing from my pussy. As Jeanie licked Brianna's inner thighs, encouraging her to open them wider, I traced my fingertips over my own slick lips.

A look of wild elation overcame Brianna's features as Jeanie's mouth hovered over her exposed pussy. When Jeanie's tongue unfurled and took a long swipe up Brianna's slit, a cry pierced the empty studio. Brianna's face told the whole story. She had crossed over a line. This experience would change her, and I was sure she would agree it was for the better. It would certainly shake loose her hang-ups about any future romantic lesbian scenes she might encounter in her career.

Jeanie licked her up and down awhile, as my fingertips teased my own damp cleft. Finally, Jeanie plunged her tongue inside her lover. Brianna bucked, her ass lifting off the broad bed. I stuck two fingers inside myself, my body jerking on my chair.

I watched Jeanie tonguing her deep. I knew my wife's oral talents well, and I was glad to see Brianna appreciating them. She squeezed her own tits as Jeanie continued to eat her. She thrust her pussy hard against my wife's mouth, smearing juice all over her lips and chin. Finally, with a frantic shudder, Brianna climaxed. I knew because she screamed, "I'm fucking coming!"

When Jeanie eventually came up for air, she looked directly into one of the seemingly dormant cameras and gave a sassy wink. She knew I was watching! She knew I'd witnessed their scene, and that was part of the thrill for her. As much as I loved to watch, she loved being watched. Our marriage was so great it was sometimes unbelievable.

Jeanie moved to wipe her mouth, but Brianna lunged toward her and started licking her face clean. Afterward,

**"THEY FUCKED PUSSY-TO-PUSSY AND CAME WITH MUTUAL HOWLS OF RAPTURE."**

she grinned at my wife. Wordlessly, Jeanie lay back and opened her thighs, offering but not insisting. Brianna scrambled hungrily between her legs. She hesitated only a few seconds, but it seemed like performance anxiety rather than reluctance.

As patient and helpful as ever, Jeanie talked her through the initial questings of her tongue. But soon instinct took over, and Jeanie relaxed and enjoyed herself. Brianna lapped eagerly at her pussy. As her tongue slipped inside my beloved, I finger-fucked myself harder, burying two digits up to the knuckles. I tweaked my swollen clit, teasing groaning pleasure from myself.

After a time, Jeanie's hips started to buck. She lifted her ass up and ground her pussy onto Brianna's face. I heard the squelchings and moanings, and Jeanie's cry rumbling from deep in her throat. When it broke through at orgasmic strength, I was right there with her, fingering myself as I got off and drenched the chair beneath me with my juice.

Brianna dutifully and enthusiastically drank what Jeanie gave her. I slumped back languidly before my monitors, idly licking my own sauce off my fingers.

Jeanie moved the two of them into a scissor setup. Brianna had a little trouble at first, but soon their legs were entwined, and their slick pussies were pressed against one another. Jeanie showed her lover how to brace her arms behind herself, to get some force behind her hip thrusts.

Then they jammed and bounced together, smearing their streaming slits together. I knew the special intimacy of this act. It was like a carnal feedback loop, where the bliss built and built until neither lover could stand it any longer. I watched the sexual joy gather in those two exquisite women. They growled and grunted. Their faces twisted with pleasure. They fucked pussy-to-pussy and came with mutual howls of rapture.

I thought that might be it. Brianna looked dazed. It had been a big night for her. But Jeanie snuggled up with her and softly kissed her, and then started murmuring things into her ear that even the sophisticated audio gear couldn't pick up.

After a moment Brianna nodded in agreement. She turned over onto her flat belly, and Jeanie spread her pert ass cheeks. My wife lowered her head and began to lick Brianna's crinkly asshole. Brianna responded with immediate squirming pleasure.

Jeanie rimmed her with increasing vigor. She slid her tongue inside the lovely dark hole. I knew how deep she could get. As I watched in my own sexual delirium, I reached down to finger my own asshole, slipping my wet fingertip in and out. New pleasure awoke inside me.

Those feelings rose higher and hotter as Brianna writhed on the bed. She rose onto her knees, pushing her shapely ass back toward Jeanie. My wife held Brianna's cheeks apart and continue to spear her rear hole.

Brianna came with a shriek. She never knew she shared that orgasm with me, as I fingered my asshole and shook with another delirious climax. This time, I fell back limply in the chair, totally spent.

But Brianna, the minx, still had some life in her. She reciprocated Jeanie's actions, kneeling behind the show's star and licking and tonguing her savory asshole. The pleasure was stark on Jeanie's face as Brianna's tongue flashed between the lush halves of her ass.

Once again, Jeanie looked directly into a camera. She mouthed, "I love you," and I said it back out loud to her image on the screen. Then I watched Brianna feast on her ass until Jeanie came.

Of course, Brianna was outstanding the next day when we shot the bedroom scene. The two women were electric together, like they really were lovers.

Yes, I have always dreamt big. One day, my TV fantasies will come true, but in the meantime I have enjoyed the real-life scenes Jeanie and I have created on our very own stage at home, with our ever-changing cast of beauties.

# VARIATIONS

## WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

### PUSSY-WATCHING

My neighbor asked me if I would take care of his favorite pussy the following night after I got home from work. I like cats, and I like my neighbor, so I didn't see a problem with doing him that favor. I knew the cat was pretty independent, so it really wouldn't be a bother. But I wondered why he couldn't leave Mr. Snuggly on his own for the night.

No matter. I was happy to help.

But I'll admit the real reason I said yes was Millie. My neighbor lucked out in the wife department. Millie is a knockout and then some. Built like a supermodel, she has legs that go on for miles and a smile that makes my dick hard every time I see her. I've gotten good at hiding my true reaction to her beauty, but I'll admit she's been on my mind during quite a few of my masturbatory moments. Fantasies are free, right?

Harris is no slouch himself. He's all grit and muscles from working construction, and if I were the type of guy who liked guys, well, I'd like him.

As it stands, we get on swimmingly. The three of us have shared a few backyard barbecues, and once we had a candlelit hangout during a blackout caused by a summer storm. That night, I felt something almost happened between the three of us, but nobody made a move. I went home and jacked off to all sorts of filthy thoughts involving the three of us. And then a few extra ones about just me and Millie.

Watching their cat wasn't exactly what I'd hoped for when Harris stopped by, but maybe helping them out was a step in the right direction.

After work on Friday night, I let myself in with their key and stepped inside their home. I could tell something was off right away. At least, I thought something was off. There was a sensation in the air, and then I heard a sound that shouldn't have been there—the throb of music coming from down the hall. Maybe they'd left a radio on by accident, I thought, and headed in that direction.

But a little voice in my head told me I was wrong. The music was subtle and sensual. There were lights on, too, and when I reached the door, I saw that it was open a crack. I actually found myself knocking. Just in case. Even as I did so, I chided myself. They were out of town, right?

No, there was definitely someone there.

"Hello, Mark," came a voice.

"Millie?" I asked, although I knew. Oh, yes, I most definitely knew that was the sexy voice of my hot-as-fuck neighbor, and she was speaking my name in a way that made my dick stand at attention. I had dreamed of her saying my name. Dreamed of her sucking my dick. Dreamed of…

"What are you waiting for?"

What was I waiting for? That was a very good question. I pushed open the door to discover her on the bed with her legs spread and her fingers trailing over her slit. Her pussy was shaved, and she looked absolutely edible. I would have tripped over myself to get to her, but a nagging thought pulled at me.

"What about Harris?" I asked. Because, really, he's a good friend and neighbor, and even more than that—he's six-foot-four-inches of solid muscle I didn't want as an enemy.

She chuckled, and her laugh was as magical as her voice. "Didn't he explain things to you?"

I shook my head.

"He told me he talked to you yesterday. About taking care of his favorite pussy…"

Oh, fuck. He *had* said that. And I'd been a little startled by his word choice. How could I have been so thick as to think he was talking about Mr. Snuggly?

Speaking of thick, my dick was at full mast now, and Millie was crawling across the mattress toward me. The look in her eyes let me know she had cock-sucking on the brain. But I had to ask, "Where's Harris?"

She motioned toward the closet doors, which reflected the image of us back at me. So Harris was hanging out in the closet. I guessed that the doors must've been two-way mirrors.

## "I DREW HER CLIT BETWEEN MY LIPS AND SUCKED HARD ENOUGH TO MAKE HER GROAN."

"So he gets off…"

"On watching," she said, interrupting me and pulling me close to her. "He likes to stay hidden and out of the way. He says it makes for a better show–and helps to keep our guests' stage fright at bay."

She unfastened my belt buckle, and then opened my slacks to free my dick. I heard the sound of a moan nearby and realized that was Harris. Did I mind him watching? Not at all. Did I mind anything where Millie was concerned? No way. I wanted to be in this girl in every style and form that exists. I wanted to fuck her mouth, her tits, her pussy, her ass…

As I was imagining the different ways we might connect, Millie was making my cock disappear down her throat. She played tricks with her tongue, working to tap my balls with the tip, then backing up so she could really slobber all over my sac. I couldn't believe how good that felt. She then took my full length down her throat. I told her I was on the verge of shooting, but that didn't stop her. She used her fist to pump me, and then she sat back and made me spray my cream all over my chest and stomach.

Then *I* was the one watching, staring helplessly as she licked me clean, not allowing any drips or drops to go to waste. When I caught my breath, I returned the favor, spinning her around so we could continue with a 69.

This was the meal of my dreams–Millie's dripping snatch. I licked her up and down, then side to side. Then I drew her clit between my lips and sucked hard enough to make her groan. She ground against me, intensifying the connection between the two of us. I cradled her perfect ass in my hands as I worked her with a growing fervor.

All the while, she sucked my cock back to life. I couldn't believe I was hard again so quickly, but Millie worked me in ways I couldn't even have imagined. I was rock-hard and speeding toward another climax in what felt like no time at all.

Only when I sensed that she was going to come did I allow myself to shoot for a second time. On this round, she swallowed me from the source. I filled her mouth with my load, and she sucked me until I was empty.

There was another groan from behind the closet door, and I could imagine Harris was blasting off, too.

Millie moved so that we were faced in the same direction–Harris' direction. The mirrored doors showed us our reflections. Glistening and relaxed, we were a pair of sweaty, satisfied lovers. She set her head on my shoulder and practically purred.

"I'll always be willing to take care of your pussy," I told her. "Anytime–day or night."

**–M.R., Santa Fe, New Mexico**

# VARIATIONS

## ↘ WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

### PERSONAL GROWTH

David loves to watch me water my garden. Partially, that's because I am an avid gardener and our backyard is always a riot of colorful flowers. But also because I like to water the greenery while naked, and my backside is at least as appealing to him as the flora. He sits on a sofa in our sunroom and witnesses me being au naturel in nature. This is one of the reasons we live in California, where I can have flowers all year round. It's always growing season for something.

**"GREG THRUST INTO MY PUSSY REPEATEDLY, HOLDING MY HIPS TO KEEP ME STEADY."**

Especially my blossoming libido. David likes to watch me in all sorts of situations, actually–from naked in the garden, to naked while camping, to naked at the neighbor's pool. I also stoke his fires by setting up a variety of encounters so he can catch me in the act of, well, having *my* flower watered.

Recently, I hired a professional gardening team to help out with some of the heavier physical jobs in the backyard. The foreman was tall and tan, with hair that had been sun-bleached and eyes like turquoise water. Or at least, that's what I said when I described him to David.

"Turquoise?" my husband asked. "Really?"

I shrugged and said, "You haven't gotten as close to him as I have."

That let David know I'd fucked Greg while he was at the office. I wanted my husband to think about me with the gardener. I wanted him to imagine what I'd looked like when Greg had spread my pussy lips and slid his tool inside me.

David doesn't mind when I have little flings. If I come home ravished by another man, he simply asks me to share every dirty detail. But he really loves it when he gets to watch. I was playing with him, though, when I said, "After the rest of his team left, Greg hosed me down."

"You don't say," he responded, his eyes alight with lust.

I lifted my dress and lowered my panties so he could feel my wet slit. I wanted him to know that Greg had come in me, in case he wanted seconds.

He did. In a flash, he bent me over the table and took me while I was still hot and drippy from my afternoon lover. But even as my husband came inside me, I was already planning for the next planting. I let David know that if he was interested, he could watch my next encounter.

He didn't have to wait long for it to happen. Saturday morning my husband was up with his coffee and the paper, and that's when we both heard the sound of a truck rumbling into our driveway.

"Lisa," he said, looking at me.

I gave him a quick kiss before hurrying outside and down the path to open the back gate for my hunky gardener. I didn't even pretend to talk weeding. Knowing David was watching from the kitchen, I pulled off my sundress and tossed it to the ground. There I stood in my yellow panties and green rubber gardening boots.

Greg kicked off his work boots and then stripped out of the rest of his attire. He didn't ask me if my husband was around, didn't pause for any questions. I could tell from the way he was looking at me that he'd been hoping this Saturday morning rendezvous–I'd asked him to come on his own–was going to be about more than my shrubbery.

I imagined David staring with wide eyes as Greg went on his knees in the grass and began to lick my pussy. I put my hands on his head and shouted at the sunny sky. My hair is long and straight and hangs almost to my ass. There was a light breeze that made the tendrils move this way and that. I moved this way and that myself, shimmying as Greg thrust his tongue deep inside me.

I tried to imagine what thoughts were going through David's head. I looked over my shoulder, but I couldn't see my husband. I could only see the reflection of myself and Greg in the window. That was even hotter somehow. Seeing my own image as my hunky gardener tended to my personal landscape added an extra thrill to the scenario. When he had me teetering like a honeybee poised on the edge of a flower petal, he pulled me down onto the plush grass with him.

I hoped David could see us clearly. I grasped Greg at the root of his stiff cock, and I drew him into me. Naked, he was like a burnished golden statue come to life. His muscles gleamed in the morning light as he plowed me.

I wondered if David was pressing himself up against the glass, if he had his own dick in his hand, jerking himself off while he watched us.

Greg pushed himself up on his arms and then lowered his body down onto me, piercing me to my core. My legs wrapped around him as I tried to keep his staff deep within me. I forgot momentarily that we had an audience beyond the buzzing bees and chirping birds. I felt as if the whole world had become only the gardener and myself. That is, until I heard the sound of one of our windows opening. Was David sending me a message or simply trying to get a better look? Greg didn't seem to notice. When I gazed up at him, I saw that his eyes were shut, his shaggy blond hair swaying as he fucked me.

I was going to have grass stains on my ass, but I didn't care. Greg suddenly moved us, and now we were facing the house with me on my hands and knees. My palms sank into the verdant carpet. I got dirt under my nails. Greg thrust into my pussy repeatedly, holding my hips to keep me steady.

He moved his cock from side to side, almost stirring me, and then he thrust in deep. When he let a hand run under my body to strum my clit in a rapid flutter of finger flicks, I thought of my husband and came. Greg followed me one beat later, although I was fairly sure he wasn't thinking of David.

After we parted, I watched my handsome gardener slide his clothes back on. They were rumpled and wet from the morning dew, but he didn't seem concerned. I told him to come by on Tuesday, and we'd talk weeding for real. Then I went into the house, a modern Venus naked and warmed from the sun, and I let my husband take me for my second tryst of the morning.

I know exactly how to make his pleasure blossom.

**–L.D., Santa Ana, California**

# VARIATIONS

## ↘ WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

### OFF THE MENU

My wife and I work together in a small café. I handle the cooking, and she's the waitress, counter girl, cashier and everything else in between. We're a strong team in all aspects of the business, but what I love best is looking through the hatch and seeing her work her magic on our customers. She has a way of making everyone feel at home. I think it's due to her gregarious nature and big heart.

One customer in particular puts the biggest smile on Jo's face. He tends to come in right before closing, and he likes to sit at the counter. Even when I'm watching Jo from behind, I can tell somehow that she's grinning at him.

"You like Ray, don't you?" I asked her one night when we were in bed.

She ran her hand over my chest and ducked her face down so I couldn't see her expression.

"You can tell me," I insisted.

I'd never revealed to her my fantasy of watching her screw someone else. She'd never even remotely let on that she might find another man attractive. But there was something about the way that she and Ray bantered that made me think she—and he—might be up for what I had in mind.

"He's all right, I guess," she said.

That was when I said, "You know, I'll bet he'd kiss you. If you asked him to."

I wanted to see how she'd respond to that suggestion. There was silence in the darkness between us. Then Jo's lips found mine, and we were the ones who were kissing, while in my mind—and I guessed in hers, too—she was kissing Ray. Her tongue tangled with mine. For some reason, it felt as if we were newlyweds all over again, kissing so passionately.

Well, one thing led to another, and soon she was riding my dick, her pussy creaming all over my cock. I was telling her how I wanted to watch her fuck another man. And I really wanted to watch her fuck Ray.

As I spoke, she came harder than she ever had, her pussy milking the cream right out of me. I didn't know if the fantasy was enough for her, or if she would actually consider making my dream a reality.

I found out for sure last night.

As usual, Ray came in at the wire. We were about to shut down for the evening, but Jo greeted him warmly and led him to a booth right across from the kitchen, instead of his usual seat at the counter. Then she flipped the sign on the door to "Closed" and turned the lock before lowering the blinds. She then sashayed over to Ray with a glass of ice water.

I could just make out the sound of her voice as she suggested he order off the menu. I could hardly believe this was my Josephine, flirting with Ray and letting him know with her racy words and body language exactly what she meant.

He cleared his throat and looked her up and down. Then he glanced at me through the hatch. I met his eyes and gave him a nod, just to let him know that yes, I was into what she'd proposed. I couldn't wait to see him cram his cock inside her slippery snatch.

Ray sat back and watched as Jo slowly unfastened the buttons on her blouse. She doesn't wear a waitress's uniform. Instead, she usually dons a

**"SHE WHIMPERED ON THE TABLE, AND IN A FLASH, HE WAS FUCKING HER CUNT."**

nice blouse, a black skirt and an apron. Reaching for her, he pulled her shirt open wide and manhandled her tits through her pink silky bra, unable to deny his hunger any longer.

I'd been holding a spatula, and I dropped it on to the stovetop. The sound didn't rattle me. I was too busy working to get my pants open and pull my dick free. Because Jo and I had only talked about this sort of thing one time, I had no idea exactly what was going to happen or how far she'd go.

Well, it turns out she was willing to go far. She lowered herself in front of Ray, kneeling on the black and white tiles and taking his dick between her pretty lips. For the first time in my marriage, I was watching my wife blow another guy! I couldn't believe how sexy it was. She bobbed her head up and down, turning me on something fierce, and I met Ray's eyes again. They were wide and wild with lust. Jo got him just wet enough to do the trick, and then she climbed fully on to the table and pulled her skirt up. Ray made short work of her panties, and then he was spreading her thighs wide and pulling her ass to the edge of the table.

Ray surprised me. He reached for a spoon that had been part of the place setting on the table and pressed the back of the cool metal to Jo's pussy. She moaned and squirmed. A lazy smile spread on Ray's face. He dipped the spoon into the glass of ice water Jo had set on the table, then he brought the utensil back to her clit once more. I thought Jo was going to fly away. She was thrashing around on the table each time he stroked her pussy with the cold spoon. That seemed to give Ray an idea. Before I knew what was happening, he had his belt off and he'd wrapped the leather around Jo's wrists.

He flipped her over, and she reached her arms across the table, giving me a good look at her bound wrists. Next, she turned her head and my gaze locked with hers. I could see that her eyes were slightly glazed from pleasure as Ray dipped that cold spoon into the icy water once more and pressed it against her asshole.

She whimpered and arched her body on the table, and in a flash, he was fucking her dripping cunt. I kept working my hand up and down my erection as I watched my bound wife squirm on the table. I could tell from her whimpers and movements that she was incredibly excited. These images of her would remain burned in my memory forever as a cherished deposit in my spank bank.

Jo was coming all over his cock in no time flat. She tossed her head back and forth, and her cheeks took on a rosy glow. I could tell from the pitch and volume of her cries that her orgasm was intense. Her body bucked wildly and then collapsed against the table. Then Ray pulled out and came along the valley between her butt cheeks. He rubbed in the semen. When I heard Jo gasp, I guessed he might even have thrust his thumb into her asshole.

Then he released her wrists and set her free. She fumbled with her skirt and went looking for her panties. Ray gave me a look that I took to mean "thank you," and he let himself out of the restaurant. I locked the door after him, and then I took my wife's cunt, feeling the slick warmth that Ray had inspired surround my plunging cock. I came ferociously as I re-imagined my predecessor spraying his load on my lovely wife's ass.

I was pretty sure we'd make ordering off the menu a regular option for our favorite customer.

**–R.M., Miami, Florida**

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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**libido** | noun | li-bi-do

**1**: A person's desire to have sex.

**2**: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.

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